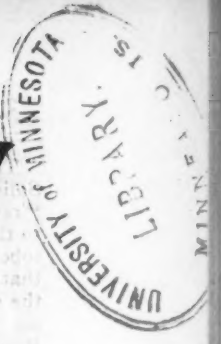


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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Chamberlain's resignation has not been less of a surprise than his refusal to take office in Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Ministry. Of Mr. Ritchie's simultaneous departure the observation may be made that it ought to have been earlier as it was quite apparent that there was no possible basis of agreement between himself and the Prime Minister on the fiscal questions; but we now know what was the full meaning of "the amused smile" which Mr. Ritchie "wore" when he and Mr. Chamberlain walked together to the Cabinet meeting. Lord George Hamilton's resignation is not of any special moment in any respect and will be received with equanimity. It is noticeable, however, that the starting of Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy has led to the resignations for opposite reasons of the Secretary for India and the Secretary for the Colonies. Mr. Balfour in his letter accepting Mr. Chamberlain's resignation notices also what he calls the paradox of the Colonial Secretary leaving the Cabinet when some others of his colleagues are leaving it who disagree on the very point at issue with both of them. This remark brings out the essential fact of the situation. Mr. Balfour's letter cannot be read without seeing that both he and Mr. Chamberlain are in deep sympathy with each other on the points at issue. Both are bowing to the present public opinion on matters which they both believe will eventually come round to their own; and one seems to hear the tone of a God-speed in Mr. Balfour's remarks on Mr. Chamberlain's new freedom of pressing colonial preference from an independent position. "The loss to the Government is great, indeed, but the gain to the cause you have at heart may be greater still. If so, what can I do but acquiesce?" Surely resignations have rarely been carried out with so little friction.

The adjournment to Tuesday of the prolonged Cabinet meeting held on Monday was too much for the suspense of the world and the wildest rumours and conjectures were brought out. The simple fact was forgotten that the Cabinet had a great deal to discuss besides its own constitution. Apart from any fiscal

question the accumulated bitterness in the near East provided in itself more than enough material for a prolonged meeting of His Majesty's Ministers. But the fiscal question came first and the Cabinet met in the first instance to discuss the views put before it in August in a pamphlet written to edification by the Prime Minister. The day after the meeting the pamphlet was published. The members of the Cabinet are to be envied for their longer possession of the document. It is not surprising that in so big a Cabinet one or two members, who have offices which do not suit them, will not go the whole way with Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain, but it is not this which will shorten what remains of life to the present Parliament. Mr. Balfour must feel thankful that it is not he but the fiscal question that is to weed out the Government. Not all Prime Ministers have been so fortunate; they have sometimes had to ask outright for resignations.

Perhaps no political document has ever been put forth more conspicuous for charm of style. Mr. Balfour had to express the obvious to people who could not see and he has so managed that the truisms blurred by prejudice and the confusion of argument become revelations. Few things are better in the pamphlet than its title: "Insular Free Trade". Mr. Balfour begins as he says from the free-trade point of view and he concludes with a conviction which every free trader should echo: "What is fundamental is that our liberty should be regained". The very existence of nations is in itself a contradiction of absolute free trade; and their possession of organic individuality must substitute a state of "viscousness" for "perfect fluidity of capital and labour". It is certain that an absolutely free-trade nation in the midst of absolute protectionist nations would be necessarily ruined and England has only escaped this danger because there are holes in our neighbours' protectionist armour, because large unprotected areas still exist and foreign nations owe us a great deal of money which they pay by means of imports. But what of the future? Mr. Balfour sees "no satisfactory symptoms"; it is "the dynamics not the statics of our trade and manufactures" that have to be studied, and what hope have we in a world which every day grows, in spite of every free-trade prophecy, more and more stringently protectionist? The only answer is that in the fight for free markets we must use the weapons which are effective to the end. We come by inevitable logic as well as by the instinct of self-preservation to Mr. Balfour's remedy.

The pamphlet brings us to retaliatory tariffs: Lord Salisbury's "weapon of self-defence", Lord Lansdowne's "revolver"; but the pamphlet is only a "preliminary to the statement" he will make at Sheffield on 1 October, which there is no use in anticipating. It is well that the secret of that speech should be as well kept as the secret of the pamphlet. No Mrs. Norton or Diana, no "Thunderer" got a hint of it; and 39 Paternoster Row is to be complimented on the little success. The public discussion of Government documents is not always postponed till after publication. We had forgotten to notice that the pamphlet included notes, a table, which is so short and simple we cannot doubt Mr. Balfour has studied it, showing the exports to protected and unprotected markets of all articles of British production except coal, machinery and ships. We know from the publication this week of Mr. Bateman's figures that this is not all that is left of "the great inquiry" of the nation; but from that slough of statistics Mr. Balfour has pulled us and to it with his admirable politeness he made no reference.

It is mark of the excellence both of the reasoning and the manner that neither summary nor quotation can give any idea of the almost laughable ease with which the points are made. The notion that the fiscal practices of other countries are damaging themselves to the benefit of us was never better pinned down than in Mr. Balfour's simple statement of the position. Is it a possible tenet of free trade that "the foreign protectionist accidentally confers on us a benefit which we cannot confer on ourselves"? Is any conclusion, when so stated, more obvious than this that "the only alternative"—Mr. Balfour is talking of the refusal of foreign countries to follow our lead—"is to do to foreign nations what they always do to each other, and instead of appealing to economic theories in which they wholly disbelieve to use fiscal inducements which they wholly understand". But the kernel of the whole question is this—and we have looked in vain in this controversy and in the text-books for an attempt to answer it—"Free trade requires open markets *somewhere*." Though Mr. Balfour does not put the example, and indeed hardly mentions the colonies, it is coming to this that if we do not get the free markets within the empire we shall soon get them nowhere; and free trade will die of its own excesses. If on the other hand we keep free markets within the empire, which can only be done by a double system of retaliation and preference, we shall also increase them outside the empire.

The most important contribution to the fiscal inquiry so far was issued this week in the shape of a Blue Book of 500 pages compiled under the direction of Sir Alfred Bateman and Mr. Llewellyn Smith. This elaborate collection of memoranda, statistical tables and charts relating to the trade movements of the last fifty years does not pretend to be exhaustive but if the nation were really seeking for data on which to form a businesslike and patriotic opinion it would find all it could want in this portentous publication. Unfortunately the very bulk of the evidence is calculated to place much of it beyond the average man whose vote will ultimately decide the question, but one salient fact is easily to be grasped by the most casual student. It is that British exports since 1890 have declined in value by over £1,000,000 sterling. Whilst we have not even succeeded in holding our own on our total trade, the drop in our exports to foreign countries during twelve years amounts to £18,000,000, and this huge figure would stand as our decline if it were not for the improvement of some £17,000,000 in the Colonial trade. The Blue Book makes it clear beyond question that the self-governing colonies have been chiefly instrumental in maintaining our export trade. The ravages which protection have worked in our exports, during the very period when protected countries were deriving more and more advantage from the British free import system will be no revelation to people who have inquired for themselves in recent years. The United States alone have increased their exports to Great Britain from £97,000,000 to £127,000,000 since 1890, but British exports to the United States have fallen from £29,000,000 to

£19,000,000. That is a practical illustration in support of Mr. Balfour's philosophical conclusions.

A considerable section of the report of the Board of Trade is concerned with a comparison of the conditions of working-class life in various countries. Great Britain, the United States, Russia, Germany, Austria-Hungary are the countries that are taken for this purpose. But it must be said that the statistics illustrate one of the disadvantages of pouring out figures so subject to conditions which lie behind them that they do not of themselves appear to prove anything; or rather they may, as figures so often can, be made to prove everything that may be wished. Different kinds of food, different rates of rent, different prices of clothing all varying in all sorts of ways make it impossible to say whether in point of comfort the working people of one country have or have not an advantage. In England for instance the working classes eat more meat; and if meat were an absolute test the English working-man would be the better off.

But in other countries it is by no means the meat test that can be taken; and there are many other classes of food which appeal to the likings of the people more than meat does. In the matter of bread, again, take the British workman's standard of quality, which consists apparently in thinking the best to be that from which most of the nourishment has been abstracted. In other countries they get a kind of bread darker and less fancy looking but far more fitted as a food. A most shameful use has been made of this bread by the free-trade party of late. They have represented the workingmen of other countries as being compelled by poverty, induced through protection, to eat this bread in default of a whiter kind. No greater good in the matter of feeding could be done to the British working classes, and a good many others, than to break down the ridiculous prejudice in favour of bread which has been deprived of its nutritious qualities. It is a sin against the poorer classes committed by those professing to be their friends that as a party move this prejudice has been confirmed by this addition to the cry of the small loaf.

It would be well if we could feel as much confidence in the decision come to by the Cabinet on Tuesday as on Monday. The crisis in the near East has grown much more inevitable than last week. The evidence of the double criminality in Macedonia is overwhelming. Every movement of the Macedonians is prompted from Bulgaria and prepared there; and the Turk, never oppressed by sentimental prejudices, has begun to let loose the suppressed anger of the army. The tale of "atrocities" is detailed and extensive. Some Albanian troops no doubt utterly beyond control have committed acts which are producing a feeling of disgusted horror throughout Europe, and war of the worst character is devastating the more rebellious vilayets. The Turkish excesses are welcomed in Bulgaria without disguise; the situation is one for which Bulgarians have been preparing by intrigue and outrage. The Government has issued to the Powers a manifesto, menacing immediate war and though the "Ultimatum" may in spite of the word be the first of many, the Powers can hardly refrain longer from exercising some definite control over intrigue in Bulgaria as well as discipline in the Turkish army. Wherever the fault, massacre of women and children cannot be given the sanction which aloofness implies. But it is to be noticed that the worst of the reports come through Bulgarian sources. We cannot but believe that the news that Turkey has wiped out a town of 10,000 inhabitants has been edited in Sofia.

M. Jaurès' independence must be more galling to the Government of which he is a member than M. Pelletan's indiscretions. He has written to the "Petite République" an article in which he states authoritatively on personal knowledge that a large expedition is being prepared against Morocco, that France England and Spain have come to an agreement on the Moorish question and that arrangements have been made for a French Protectorate even to the point of selecting candidates

for the Mairie of Tangier, the new capital. M. Delcassé, a statesman who has a deserved reputation for candour, has stated with such repeated emphasis that France has no intention of disturbing the status quo in Morocco that we must believe M. Jaurès to be deceived by lying rumours, of which there is always plenty. Nevertheless the unrest along the frontiers of Morocco increases. A French army in South Oran is engaged in seeking for rebellious Berabers to punish and the Sultan of Morocco is in financial straits from which Europe in some form may be forced to free him. Any arrangement come to between the interested Powers is more likely to have reference to this need than to an armed expedition. M. Jaurès' hatred of war makes him over-sensitive to signs of its approach.

There is an insidious baseness about the latest act of M. Combes. As a part of the attack on the Church it was decided to put in his native town a memorial to Renan, a man who especially would have wished his life and memory to be free from such strife. As if further to mark the aim of the memorial, M. Combes himself went down to unveil the statue and to speak of the duty of following the dictates of pure reason. Over this thoughtful scholar's monument was stretched a huge scroll with mottoes, "Vive la République" and the rest, that it might be quite clear to the meanest intelligence that a political movement not a literary admiration was at the base of the conferred honour.

It is not surprising that the Breton inhabitants of Tréguier expressed their hostility to this insult. Perhaps all the methods they intended to employ were not in the best of taste; but it implies a total misunderstanding of the intention of the Government in putting down this statue in a town which rebelled against the honour to suppose, with a great part of the English press, that the Breton people had any wish to attack the memory of Renan. It was an insult to them that their fellow-citizens, dead for nearly ninety years, should be made an instrument of political oppression; that the Premier should come among them and make a provocative speech; that the children of the schools should be bribed with holidays in order to give a popular air to the Commemorative Festival. It implies not narrowness of mind that in these circumstances they should so rebel that M. Combes was compelled to make his speech in the circle of police and soldiers and that the statue should still need similar protection. One wonders how long Tréguier will possess the statue intact, and M. Combes continue to congratulate himself, as he did on his return to Paris, on the excellent success of his mission.

On the whole the Social Democrat Conference, which met partly to discuss changes in policy suggested by the increased Parliamentary majority, was less turbulent than the acerbity of some of the preliminary articles and speeches had suggested. But enough was said to emphasise the growing divergence between the Revisionists and the party of Herr Bebel. The cause of the dispute goes deeper than the occasion. Whether the party, as its strength warrants, is to agitate or no for a vice-president of the Reichstag is not of vital concern to the future of German socialism, but an important principle is involved. It has been the custom of the socialist members to withdraw when a "Hoch" to the Kaiser is imminent. A vice-president must both give the sanction of his presence to the recognition of the Emperor, and endure to wear the abhorred uniform, not excluding silk stockings, paid for out of socialist funds. As Herr Bebel puts it: if a man once says A he must soon agree to say B. This recognition of the Kaiser is a denial of an integral part of the socialist's creed. It is ingeniously argued on the other side that the Kaiser is in theory only the head of a republic. The more logical and extreme section of the party seems for the moment the stronger. This separatist attitude and refusal to accept allies will lessen the immediate influence of the socialists on current questions. Whether it will aid the ultimate unity and force of the party has yet to be proved. It is interesting to see that the Revisionists use the attitude of the labour party in England as an argument for compromise.

The proceedings at the Alaskan Boundary discussion at the Foreign Office would be of more general concern if the three American representatives had not in many public speeches in the States proclaimed their determination to accept no view opposed to American claims. The difficulty in getting to the root of the matter lies in the long lapse of time since the original treaty between England and Russia was formulated. But at least one thing is clear that in 1823 the Russians granted to Canada "the right to navigate freely in the Pacific", meaning that the Russian possession of the strip of coast-line was not to exclude Canadian shipping from passing in and out of the estuaries. The inner boundary of this strip was explained in the subsequent treaty of 1824 to be "the crest of the mountains". The Americans maintain that no mountains exist which satisfy the description, in which case as the Attorney-General pointed out the whole treaty between Russia and England is a nullity. If it is, the whole text of the discussion goes. The tribunal will have to decide on seven specific points, some of which recent geographical commissions have already practically settled. The most important yet discussed is the meaning of "the Portland Channel" so called by Vancouver; and on its exact definition depends the ownership of some important islands opposite the intended terminus of the Alaskan railway.

The army manoeuvres of this year can in no way be said to be a success. In the general scheme it was supposed that an enemy's fleet were in temporary possession of the Channel and had landed a considerable force which should attempt to march to London. General French with a strong force of cavalry was in command of the army of defence. It may gratify the citizens of London to know that he was adjudged to have been successful in barring the road and General French maintains the record which he began at the first battle in Natal four years ago of being our one unbeaten general. But the fight was in many ways unsatisfactory. The storms of the early part of the week kept the two forces too long apart to give time for sufficient manoeuvring; and it is partly true that fear of damaging crops and fences practically drove the advancing army into one definite line. The battle proved nothing except the truism that General French can handle cavalry. The fighting took place over the supposed scene of the great battle of Alfred, about which historians know perhaps just so much as the general public about the sham fight of 1903.

The prosecution of the men who were charged with fraud on the Government by selling official stamps was very interesting to stamp collectors. They ought to know after this that the overwritten stamps are not intended to be issued to the public; and that if they buy them they must be aiding someone to commit fraud and do an illegal act. Very probably also some time or other they may find themselves in danger of being charged as accessories. It does not seem that the exact nature of the fraud is understood, and it has been supposed that the prisoners were rather unfortunate and charged with an offence not very serious. But it is evident that if people are allowed to clip off pieces of old stamps and put them together skilfully so that a stamp so made up looks like a new one, the Revenue may be seriously defrauded. If this can be done for the purpose of selling over-printed stamps to collectors it is equally possible to take stamps used by the public and manipulate them. A ten-shilling stamp for example might be made out of cancelled ten shilling ones and the Revenue cheated to that extent. The offence of stamp clipping and forming new stamps out of the clippings is very similar to that of offences against the coinage. The Stamps Management Act provides a punishment of fourteen years' penal servitude or two years' hard labour for mutilating stamps and the six months' passed on Creeke and Richards was not excessive, especially considering the official position of the latter. The stamp dealer Moore was an accomplice who was fortunate to escape inclusion in the charges.

The British Association is becoming in its scope coextensive with human knowledge. The blacks of Jamaica, the yield of bananas, the value of protective

tariffs, the instruction of parents in infant dietetic, the management of street traffic, the teaching of Greek, and the enjoyment of picnics are all enclosed in its curriculum. Great is the popularisation of science. We do not deny that any subject is too popular to merit scientific consideration. The educational section lately added has proved on the whole a successful section, in spite of the flood of nonsense to which it has given sanction. But the danger that the real scientific aim of the association may be smothered in this mass of lecturing and discussion is real and alarming. The "Times" has been true to its best reputation in attempting to give full publicity to the papers, but the very plethora of the subjects with which it has to deal prevents the public from paying the attention that they should to the lectures of real value which are delivered by real masters of research. The change in tone also has its effect on the lecturers themselves who use the occasion less and less for delivering to the world the details of the real advances they have made; and grow more inclined to patch up material which shall fill their lecture room with visitors.

The cricket season ended with a very brisk match at the Oval; and we were glad to see that a great part of the proceeds was devoted to that excellent institution the London Playing Fields Society. We shall hope to see this match of the champion county against "the Rest of England" a regular feature of the season. One of the great delights of cricket, the quality which brings it into the company of aristocratic things, is the continuity of its history. The most delightful days of cricket, associated with many immortal worthies and with the best spirit of old English sport, are connected with the challenges issued first by Hampshire and afterwards by Surrey and Nottingham to All England elevens. In those days every run counted, shooters were not extinct and, we must believe, catches not dropped. It can only be to the good that to-day's cricket should borrow as much as may be of that old-time savour. Was it from association or a fact that this concluding game at the Oval seemed the best match of the season and the second best that one representative game between Gentlemen and Players, when the Gentlemen, being in a hopeless minority, scored more than 500 for two wickets? After all the county championship with its mathematical calculations and ordered and bracketed list is a parvenu for all its monopolising popularity.

Stock markets were dull during the greater part of the week with business on a very small scale, but on the announcement of the resignation of three Cabinet Ministers pronounced weakness was momentarily displayed. The account open, however, in most departments is of such small dimensions that prices quickly hardened again, and it would appear that the political situation has been more or less discounted. Consols, at the opening yesterday morning, were nominally quoted 88½, but the stock was at once bid for and the price recovered to 89½ with a very short time. The Bank statement showed an improved position, and the directors did not deem it necessary to make any alteration in the official rate, although it is anticipated that before long an advance must be made. The Home Railway market continues in a stagnant condition, being naturally affected adversely by the flatness of gilt-edged securities; moreover the traffic returns to hand this week were not of an encouraging nature. The tendency of Americans was irregular, the feature being the weakness of steel issues which were heavily sold on the other side. Various conflicting rumours were current as to the damage done to the crops by the frost. Dr. Jameson's reported objection to the introduction of Asiatics into the Transvaal had practically no effect upon Kaffir prices, dealers having evidently made up their mind that Chinese labour will sooner or later be adopted. In the meantime business in this section is at a standstill, and prices are only influenced by what transpires in other departments. The Rhodesian gold output of 19,187 ounces for August, as against 23,571 ounces for July, was disappointing, but did not materially affect quotations. Consols 89½. Bank rate 4 per cent. (3 September, 1903).

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

THE noise over Mr. Chamberlain's resignation is as loud as if the British Empire were coming to an end. It would be wiser to look on it as the beginning of the Empire properly defined. We were deluged a few years ago with "Imperial Federation". Lord Rosebery was the protagonist. He sent proselytising lecturers round to the schools and the slums to preach the new creed and the public, if a little shy as to its practicability, indulged generally in a modified enthusiasm. The idea concealed in the vague philosophy then preached had nearly died of its own absence of content, in the logician's phrase, when Mr. Chamberlain began his great career at the Colonial Office. In the course of his work there he has grown into the conviction that Federation in one sense is possible. The Empire may be bound by a commercial tie, and unless so bound it will fall to pieces. This conviction lies at the root of his fiscal proposals; it is the sole cause of his resignation. For the first time the Empire, as such, has become the vital question in English politics. "What is fundamental is that our liberty should be regained" wrote Mr. Balfour in his pamphlet. Mr. Chamberlain, who is still at one with Mr. Balfour on the great question, has felt the truth in another reference and has resigned office. "I think", he wrote to Mr. Balfour on the eve of the Cabinet meeting, "that, with absolute loyalty to your Government and its general policy, and with no fear of embarrassing it in any way, I can best promote the cause I have at heart from outside, and I cannot but hope that in a perfectly independent position my arguments may be received with less prejudice than would attach to those of a party leader."

Mr. Chamberlain has desired freedom from party shackles; and while the world will be discussing in its best parochial manner what is called the split in the Cabinet Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain will in different ways be working together for an object which too few besides them regard as outside party politics. For the first time perhaps in history an eminent minister has resigned because, one may almost say, he agreed with his chief. Certainly two leading members of a Government, between whom many people have perpetually groped to find causes of disagreement, have never parted with a more real courtesy. Mr. Balfour's letter contains no phrase that can be construed into the language of the official politeness common on such occasions. Indeed while he maintained his own position his expression of belief in the ideals which Mr. Chamberlain, following Professor Seeley and his Imperial school, has most helped to develop has the fervour, as it were, of a solemn creed. "You have done more than any man living or dead to bring home to the citizens of the Empire the consciousness of Imperial obligation and the interdependence between the various fragments into which the Empire is geographically divided. I believe you to be right in holding that this independence should find expression in our commercial relations as well as in our political and military relations. I believe with you that closer fiscal union between the Mother Country and her colonies would be good for the trade of both, and that if much closer union could be established on fitting terms its advantages to both parties would increase as the years went on and as the colonies grew in wealth and population."

The political position is full of an interest so absorbing that even Lord George Hamilton has become a historic figure. There are no parallels, though Cobden held from office—on behalf of the contradictory philosophy—for the same reason as Mr. Chamberlain has resigned: the divergence of Lord Randolph Churchill from Lord Salisbury has only a suggestive resemblance in the impulsiveness of the two men. But in spite of the originality of the political position we owe it to our sense of the scope of empire and to Mr. Chamberlain's faith first to remember that the greatest administration of the Colonial Office in history is now ended. In the press and in the constituencies has been let loose a flood of talk on all manner of minor questions from the price of bread in England to the effect of reform on the two parties. The single aim which

prompted Mr. Chamberlain to begin his revolution has been forgotten; and the language of his letter, one may hope, will be felt by many critics to twit them with parochial blindness. He has grown steadily into the conviction that the stability and development of the Empire demands a commercial union. His conviction is shared by our great administrators who have lived in the atmosphere of colonial life. Lord Milner for instance is of this opinion. The cardinal difference between Mr. Chamberlain and most of his predecessors at the Colonial Office is his sense of his representative duty. He has given no more weight to English opinion than to Canadian Australian or African and he remains perhaps the one statesman who habitually and naturally considers the British Empire as an organism of which the vitality of each member depends on the welfare of the whole.

Mr. Balfour has never before so proved his possession of the qualities necessary for a statesman and secondarily for the leader of a party. Perhaps at this crisis he has recalled the first book of the Nicomachean ethics and the distinction between the absolute and the relative best. We have every reason to believe that his belief in "the New Empire" is only less ardent than Mr. Chamberlain's because more philosophic. Now and again his willingness to concede has been dangerously near to weakness, but it was only wisdom in this event to refuse to sacrifice half a necessary reform because the public was not yet educated to see the necessity of the whole. After all Mr. Chamberlain's proposals are new and have been obscured by a great number of the common devices of parochial politics. It will be some time before the constituencies will be able to extricate themselves from what another political philosopher called "the hurly-burly of the individual sequences".

MR. BALFOUR'S PRELIMINARIES.

THE importance of Mr. Balfour's pamphlet "Insular Free Trade" lies in his position even more than in his argument. Both the arguments and the method proposed have been supported by fair traders for years and were suggested also by Lord Salisbury. Mr. Balfour says that when viewing economic problems from the bases of the theoretical free trader he has always himself thought it extraordinarily foolish to refuse to adopt fiscal arrangements necessary to maintain rational free trade with protectionist nations. What we gain now in this pamphlet is a more effective literary treatment of the position Mr. Balfour adopts than has ever before been presented to the public: and his definite adherence to it at a moment when his authority as Prime Minister implies that they may form the basis of an actual political programme. There has been a curiously unfounded opinion or impression amongst many people that Mr. Balfour was not interested in the economic questions to which vitality had been restored by Mr. Chamberlain's suggestions as to preferential tariffs in view of the imperial relations between this country and the colonies. Mr. Balfour on the contrary appears in his pamphlet, if not as an original contributor on a subject where the opportunity of making original contributions is extremely limited, as a thorough master and critic of all the points of view which emerge out of it. He handles it with ease; he phrases it with precision and a brilliance which in themselves are evidence of the lucidity with which he does his thinking. Mr. Balfour is plainly the echo of no man's views on our position as a free-trade country in the midst of protectionist nations. He has invested views which have been repeated until they had an air of staleness with a freshness which in itself is a species of originality. He is not alarmist or exaggerative: he exposes the dangerous drift of our trade without posing as a Marius amidst the ruins of Carthage; he puts aside superfluous explanations such as the theory of our living upon our capital to account for supposed redundant imports; he makes plain the natural effects of our present policy on an international trade which cannot be stifled though it is unfairly handicapped by the policy of protectionist nations.

It is evident that Mr. Balfour had before him

when he wrote the statistics of the Board of Trade which have now been published as an instalment of the Cabinet Inquiry. But they in fact do not add or subtract much if anything from the material on which free traders and fair traders have been sharpening their wits, or confusing themselves and their opponents, in many previous reports when similar returns have been made. What Mr. Balfour is clear about is that the relative decline is not to be accounted for by whatever free traders may say about the natural expansion, development and competition of other countries that have developed in the to be expected order since the days when Great Britain had indisputable supremacy over the trading nations of the world. With declining exports to the protected areas which are extending and will extend, and which include many which are now theoretically, but not practically protectionists because as yet they have not reached the stage when nascent manufactures must be protected, our imports also are bound progressively to decline and the general volume of our trade to decrease. The tables show that fifty years ago protectionist States and colonies received fifty-seven per cent. of our manufactures; the non-protected forty-three. Now the protected areas only take thirty-eight per cent. and the non-protected sixty-two. Taking the double change of percentage and decrease in volume proportional to our increase of population, the tendency is indisputably serious. The non-protected tend to become the protected by their own internal changes, or, as threatens in the Eastern parts of the world, by protected States obtaining control. If the process goes on, we are threatened with compulsion into a course of trade which should alarm free traders. It would be a condition in which we should be more and more impelled to resort to home manufactures involving the employment of our less advantageous resources and the purchase of our imports therefore at a continually increasing cost. Free traders ignore this. They take little account of the disorganisation of industry which results from the decline of established manufactures when they are exposed to a competition which is successful in proportion as the manufactures of protected countries have the practical bounties of high tariffs. They imagine the "fluidity" of capital and forget its "viscosity", its gradual ruin and its transference slowly if at all to less productive employments.

When we talk so much of the need for technical education and the want of enterprise of our traders we might remember what Mr. Balfour shows is one of the effects of the combined protection and trust system on them. The manufacturer "Suddenly under the trust system, through no fault of his own, nor through any shortcoming of his staff or plant finds himself undersold. It is true that the power of underselling will last no longer than the ring whose monopoly has made it possible. It is also true that in some trades, though only in some, there is nothing so evanescent as these commercial conspiracies. Yet however shortlived they may be, they have probably lasted long enough to destroy a valuable asset; and if his business survives at all, it will only be by slow and laborious stages that it can reconquer territory reft from it in a day by a tariff-protected community". Why, when such specific injuries can be distinguished as arising from tariffs, should we maintain a system in which no provision is found for counteracting their effects? It is as irrational as it would be to hold that we have no need of criminal laws because we hold the theory that in the main human nature is sound. Are we to be debarred from protecting ourselves on the ground that tariff duties would divert our industry and be pernicious, when all the time our free imports are having that very result? How, Mr. Balfour asks, is it possible to hold that the foreign protectionist thus "accidentally confers upon us a benefit which we cannot confer upon ourselves". The economics of this phrase is as sound as the form of it is brilliant. The evils that Mr. Balfour points out can hardly be denied by free traders. They admit them when they talk of fighting tariffs with free trade. With what success has this been done? Certainly it is not shown by our maintaining our relative prosperity, nor by inducing any desire amongst protectionist

nations to modify their tariffs to meet the fair-trade plan of campaign. Their answer is the increase of tariffs; our own should be to bring pressure from another source. Mr. Balfour hits the target with a piercing shaft of wit. "The only alternative is to do to foreign nations what they always do to each other, and instead of appealing to economic theories in which they wholly disbelieve to use fiscal inducements which they thoroughly understand. We and we alone among the nations are unable to employ this means of persuasion, not because in our hands it need be ineffectual, but because in obedience to 'principle' we have deliberately thrown it away." Are we to be told that this is sheer dogmatism on Mr. Balfour's part? Then what is it but dogmatism to rejoin that the proposed method must fail? This is clearly the abdication of statesmanship.

CONJECTURE AND THE CABINET.

THE large number of children interested in the fiscal question is a fact that must have struck many people during the past week. To be convinced that this is a fact, one need not have seen the children standing on the kerb in Whitehall on Monday or Tuesday, or discussing the matter in the clubs and elsewhere. The papers and the posters long before the resignations began would by their contents prove it beyond doubt. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday were largely devoted to the kind of reading well adapted to the child mind. It is, quite naturally and properly, the pictures that always please the children most in the literature contrived for them. And the illustrations have been the great feature of this business, though they have been almost entirely confined to pictures in words. This was probably rather a mistake. Mr. Furniss, Mr. Gould, and Mr. Reed would have done the thing between them still better. The drawings might have been made, and the blocks prepared, well before the event. None of the artists need have gone to the scene of action. It should be no more necessary for the political artist to go to Whitehall to sketch the scene than it was for the war artist to go to South Africa to give a realistic illustration of Spion Kop or Colenso. But if a few real pictures would have added to the pleasure of the children, of those that were given in words there is no cause to complain. Considering how prosaic and colourless to the less imaginative among us is the sight of a few familiar political figures walking or driving down Whitehall and disappearing through a door, it is surprising what the Cabinet reporter did manage to make out of it. The "booming" of "Big Ben" was brought in effectively. Careful note was taken of whether this or that Minister was recognised. Several appear to have walked up the street unobserved. False alarms of course occurred. A loud cheer would greet someone in a hansom, but be turned into a laugh upon the discovery that the occupant was not Mr. So-and-So but Mr. So-and-So's man. But at length Ministers unmistakable began to arrive. Here was the Duke of Devonshire coming along with Mr. Gerald Balfour. Something must be said of course about his "stolid look". Great significance, the significance of "chops and tomato sauce"—if we may introduce just the sort of quotation that gives the literary flavour to the favourite political descriptive sketch—clearly attaches to the company kept by this Minister or that on such occasions. We may read that Mr. Long was with Lord George Hamilton, or that Lord Selborne drove up with Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the two "eagerly conversing". But the crowded joys compressed into those moments when Mr. Chamberlain was seen walking "jauntily" along with Mr. Ritchie!

The watchers of these scenes were children—who can question it. But not in mere years; on the contrary a large percentage were probably bald or grey-haired; and the gathering composed almost entirely of, strictly within the physical sense, fully-developed male and female; it was not the body but the mind that was infantile. The actual number of sightseers who go to feast on the spot may, for a London crowd, be small, but those who do not go and yet are none the less avid for the pap are legion.

The Cabinet child we may meet in many places; he is common to club rooms and other spots where there is a little buzz of politics. Very likely he is contemptuous about such trifles as Mr. Ritchie with an amused smile walking to the council with Mr. Chamberlain. His infant fancy takes another form. He is big with mystery; has just had it on highest authority that Mr. Chamberlain is to be succeeded by So-and-So—but not a living soul must you tell—you are pledged to secrecy—and he goes away to find somebody else to whisper great State secrets to. Another has only just come back from the country: without being asked he tells you that he knows as yet absolutely nothing: "I have seen nobody yet", he says; he would inspire you thus with the sense of the potentiality of Cabinet secrets that is in him. A third specialises in press inspirations. "I happen to know—but please don't mention this—that practically Balfour wrote that article in Thursday's 'Times'. The 'Standard'? Hicks-Beach was in Shoe Lane yesterday".

There is no need to deliver a homily on the wrongness of encouraging the public appetite for such sweetmeats and pap. For one thing, we must all recognise that it is a very passing phase. Give England another chance for the America Cup, let Holbein try the Channel again, or the disappearing lady reappear, and where would Mr. Chamberlain and the others be then? These are the things that move the deep heart of a nation. Besides, to drop heavily on the man on the kerb or the political pundit would be to take leave of your sense of proportion—which brings us to where lies the real mischief in all this talk about Ministers and their orchids and smiles and sun-browned faces. It is the public sense of proportion that may be endangered by dwelling so often on such utter trifles. "O, I have lost my reputation, I have lost the immortal part of myself", exclaims Cassio with wringing grief. Yes, but for practical use in this world, for the comfort of ourselves and of those about us, it is only less material to preserve the sense of proportion. This sense uncultivated or lost, everything gets out of gear: the lion begins to look no larger than the cat, and anon the cat will through the mirage "loom larger than the lion". All power to estimate the relative weights and worths of things, and to shape our course accordingly, will slip away. To a nation as to a man the sense of proportion should be as precious as to a woman her chastity.

THE EDGE OF THE STORM.

AN impression is abroad that, despite climatic considerations, a war is imminent in the East of Europe. It is of course possible that Bulgarian demagogues may overrule the prudence of their Government or that Peter Karageorgević may seek to assure his tottering throne by forlorn adventures beyond the Servian border. But the prospect of war is as difficult to gauge as the extent of recent outrages. We may say at once that we have no desire to slur over the sickening crimes, which have undoubtedly taken place in the vilayets of Adrianople, Salonica and Monastir; indeed, we do not yield precedence even to amateur philanthropists in our desire for pacification. But we attach as little credence to the lurid romances inspired by Komitajis as to the monotonous, wholesale disclaimers of the Ottoman embassies. Facts are the more difficult to control because the prejudices of correspondents are only surpassed by those of the combatants themselves: while one journal publishes harrowing details of butchered babes, ravished maidens, mutilation and arson, another gives convincing details of the Turks' "extraordinary self-restraint". To a certain extent, the conflicting reports are not irreconcilable. The Turkish regulars, obeying orders from Yildiz, are evidently maintaining that attitude of studied moderation, which aroused so much remark during the Greek campaign. As the correspondent of the "Morning Post" has pointed out, villages are now being spared in circumstances which would have ensured burning in South Africa as a matter of course. But the Albanian soldiers and villagers, accustomed to rapine even in time of peace, are very difficult to restrain in

the face of monstrous provocation by the Komitajis. They often threaten to fire on the troops when the gratification of plundering instincts is checked, and it must often be difficult to convince them that they are to respect abandoned provisions when they reach a rebel village, hungry and weary. If they desire a pretext for atrocity, they need only point to the habitual conduct of the insurgents, who have no one to keep them in order and accordingly do whatever seems good, or more often whatever seems evil, in their own eyes. Warring like anarchists, organising dynamite outrages, putting peaceful Moslems to the sword and to the question, mutilating their own dead to inspire prejudice against their foes, threatening even to let loose the microbes of every horrible pestilence, the Komitajis have small ground for complaint if they meet the fate of outlaws.

It is certainly unfortunate that they should have the support of some mawkish people and noisy, irresponsible busybodies in this country. The uninformed, who have never been nearer to Macedonia than the columns of the "Daily News", preach a pinchbeck crusade from their pulpits. We find the Bishop of Worcester sighing for a Russian deliverer, in evident ignorance of Russian methods; "Doctor" Clifford denouncing the "hideous welter of blood", with which the Turk is now "quelling what he is pleased to regard as a rebellion". He proceeds to compare the Turk to a savage hound and the Komitaji to a babe, suggesting that God will be very angry with England if she does not interfere to protect the babe. It may be argued that such interlopers in the maze of foreign politics do not deserve notice and that they may safely be left to the inexorable refutation of facts. But so many electors have no time to read or think that the baldest travesties are in danger of acceptance, and a Radical india-rubber government might easily be driven to embark upon a mock crusade on behalf of the dynamitard "babe". Moreover, as at the time of the Boer war, such hare-brained chatter may have serious consequences at a distance. Thessalonians cannot be expected to determine the precise importance of a Little Bethel doctor: indeed, the Komitajis are already proposing to enlist British support by the somewhat eccentric method of murdering a British consul.

The parrots, who proclaim "Macedonia for the Macedonians" and regard autonomy under a Christian governor as an infallible panacea, will do well to mark the present attitude of Greece. Like Serbia and Bulgaria, she proclaims herself heir-apparent to Turkey in Europe. Ever since the world began to regard the Sultan as a "sick man", Greece has been conspiring for the reversion. For a long time she was most favoured nation at the Porte and in all things—religious, scholastic and political—Greek were preferred to Slav aspirations. Then came the ill-advised Greek war (if war it can be called) and the whole situation was changed. The Bulgarians, in return for their neutrality, became the spoiled children of their suzerain. Berats, schools, churches and all manner of amnesties were lavished upon them and in every case gratefully employed to further the propaganda of the committees. Now the Greeks, with this object-lesson before them, realise that they have more to gain by blandishments than by brandishing weapons which they have not the courage to use. So they are now proclaiming their friendship for the Turk and their hatred of the Bulgar. And however it may be with the former sentiment, the latter is certainly not forced. As the "Messenger d'Athènes" observed recently, "for the Bulgars the enemy is not the Turk; it is the Greek. And against that enemy all means are good—sword, fire, dynamite". Nay further, the Komitajis have chosen Greek towns and villages as centres of insurrection, so that Turkish vengeance should fall not on their compatriots but on their rivals. Statistics are very difficult to control in the Turkish dominions, where each race and creed invents its own figures, so that we may not pronounce positively as to the importance of the Greek factor in the Macedonian problem. We are disposed to believe with Mr. Balfour that it is small; we certainly negative Greek bombastic utterances, such as "La

Macédoine c'est nous"; but the Greeks deserve at least as much attention as the Bulgarians. Can we say more, or less?

The immediate arbiter of peace and war is probably Serbia. Her army is not sufficiently well equipped for a serious campaign against the Turk, but a small snow-ball may provoke a great avalanche. Peter is growing daily more desperate. He has a ladder at his bedroom window—and a launch in waiting on the Save. His only hope of dispensing with their use lies in a desperate war, which will unite all parties to support an endangered fatherland. But neither he nor his neighbour will venture to proceed to extremities without the connivance of Russia or Austria, now the recognised policemen of Eastern Europe. If we desire to read the signs of the times, we must mark their motions. There are ugly indications that Russia and Austria desire to keep Macedonia in a state of chronic effervescence. They were prompt enough with their scheme of reforms last December, but their own Consuls made the scheme a dead letter from the outset. It would almost seem as though the two States had come to an understanding for a partition of the Balkan peninsula and were deliberately aggravating the Sick Man's illness with a view to laying hands upon his inheritance themselves. This they could probably do without serious difficulty, now that Russia has a Black Sea fleet and Turkey has no fleet at all. But with such a partition their troubles would only begin and the Eastern Question would assume a new phase more hopelessly insoluble than any political problem which has ever puzzled mankind.

GENIUS AND THE MORAL TEST.

WHEN a man has made, say, a great reputation as a statesman, has in some crisis created a nation or saved one, if he has shown himself a great general, written a great book, painted a great picture, no matter what, it seems a futile thing to institute a general inquiry into his moral and physical peculiarities. Curiosity is of course an end in itself; especially if it is prurient curiosity; but for any other purpose nothing might be thought more irrelevant than to allow our opinions to be influenced as to the statesman, the general and the rest, as practitioners of their métiers, by their unorthodox morality or their virtues or vices. Yet more than twenty years after Carlyle's death we have had sprung on us a new phase of the controversies started by Froude's "Biography" and other contributions to the gentle art of posthumous scandal-mongering. It has all nothing to do with the only conceivable ground on which Carlyle may at this day be sensibly discussed; his place in literature and his influence, whatever it may be, on thought or practice. Or we should say it has apparently nothing to do with this. We seem to see under Sir James Crichton Browne's and Mr. Alexander Carlyle's anxiety to expose Froude's malversations a belief that there is something more at issue than the honour of a member of a private family.* They think that his influence as a writer is deeply affected by misconception of his moral character: even of his physical constitution, as appears from Sir James Crichton Browne's remarks on the effect of a physical disability on a writer's views of life. In their opinion Carlyle was primarily a great moralist, and they imply that any inconsistency of life weakens the effect of his teaching and his acceptance as a teacher: goes in fact to the root of his influence as a writer. They quote a passage from Froude who said of the alleged scepticism into which Mrs. Carlyle was driven by Carlyle: "I suppose that his own inconsistencies interfered with the effect of his teaching. He 'recked not his own rede' and those whose practice falls short of their theories do not seem to believe really in these theories themselves." So they say again of the Ashburton mountain which Froude constructed from a molehill: "That is a grave charge to bring against a great spiritual teacher."

* "The Nemesis of Froude." A Rejoinder to J. A. Froude's "My Relations with Carlyle." By Sir James Crichton Browne and Alexander Carlyle. London: Lane. 1903. 3s. 6d. net.

And also: "The only effect Froude's action could have had would be to impair and weaken the influence of Carlyle, of the importance of which, he declares, he had such a high sense, and which will, he prophesied, increase with each generation. He has done his best to put a stop to it."

Is this really the consequence of a writer falling short of the standard he sets up in his books? We never heard that Mr. Ruskin's acceptance as an art critic depended on his painting pictures up to his own ideals. And why should a man not be a better critic in morality as well as in other things than a practitioner of the art; and why should his criticism be rejected for that reason? But it must be admitted there is something in this view which meets with popular assent. We know a former admirer of Carlyle who had an engraving which he highly valued of Whistler's great picture of Carlyle. When however Froude's *Life* and the other things appeared he learned one incident, true or not we do not know, probably it was not, of Carlyle playing a very snobbish and humiliating part, on a journey taken by himself and his wife with the Ashburtons. Our friend was so disgusted with the story that he was roused at first to be rid of the engraving but being a prudent man he thought better of it; and he kept his vow to read no more Carlyle. Is there any good reason for this? There surely would not be if the question had been of a moralist of a more scientific and formal type whose topics were the origin of the moral sense, the ethical criterion, and other such exhilarating subjects. No one can ever have vowed never to read another line of Burns because he discovered that there were grave moral delinquencies charged against the poet. Generally so far as a man is an artist in anything, statecraft, the arts proper, poetry, war, we look at the result of his art from the point of view of art for art's sake and do not vex ourselves with the question of the artist's morality which we feel has nothing to do with the actual result before our eyes.

It is true several men in our own day have made lapses in morality which have been considered to affect their capacity as statesmen. Public opinion has apparently decided their competence in statesmanship to depend on their moral condition. Sincerity of moral aim, which is understood to be implied in statesmanship whose aim is the public good, appears to have been considered excluded by the discovery of a certain disapproved course of life. Say sexual morality, the maintenance of a certain order of family life, is disregarded, and perhaps it may be argued sensibly that any flagrant disregard there is comparable, as a treason to society, a crime in a statesman, with the treason of a technically capable general in battle. You may consider the whole foundation treacherous in such a case; whereas in that of a general required to win a battle technical capacity only matters and immorality has no consequences; it is irrelevant. Very probably the case of a literary moralist such as we may grant Carlyle to be for the sake of argument, though we think that is not his chief claim to the attention of ourselves and posterity, resembles that of the statesmen in this respect. We judge both as we judge the moralist in the pulpit, the virtue of whose doctrine for us as his hearers most certainly depends largely on our knowing that he sincerely believes what he preaches, or at least on our not being aware that he is insincere. And so the Tartuffes and the Pecksniffs and the Honeymans and all hypocrites who preach have always admittedly injured virtue or morality as a principle and destroyed the influence of their enounced moralities. In Carlyle's case, and of anyone's who has been revered as a teacher, there is perhaps no great difficulty in seeing how this is; though there seems at first sight no essential reason why morality, from whosoever mouth it comes, should not stand on its own merits.

The first thing to be remembered is that most people are no more sure that they are on the bed rock of the moralities as citizens or as private individuals than they are of many other things in which they are governed in their actions by conventions. Man is an ethical animal rather because on the whole he wishes to do right than that he is sure of the right principle and right action which will put him in the way of it. To his disturbed mind and conscience comes a teacher who with great

emphasis and lofty language professes that he has gone to the depths of personal experience, has wrestled and struggled and agonised, has lived in the "silences", and been face to face with the "eternities". He makes no exposition of theory, he is not a philosopher, he is a prophet making a personal discovery for the benefit of humanity, he produces no proof; the subject is not capable of demonstration; the reality depends on the truth of his announcement of an individual experience going down to the roots of human nature. On the strength of it he affirms authoritatively the invalidity of the shams, of conventions, in all spheres of life. He teaches that man to save his soul, that is to say to be an honest, sincere person, basing himself on the realities of nature and not on the temporary customs and observances of an artificial society, must assimilate and act on the prophet's discovery. Naturally, if we are invited to go to a country which is not yet known to us except by report of an informant, we assume that he has been there himself. If suddenly we discover that our supposed pioneer has never made the journey we are entitled to doubt the existence of the country. We were not excited about any voyage at all until the prophet started up and preached his *El Dorado*. Now we subside into our usual coast voyages in morality and distrust all alleged discoverers who cannot prove to us that they have themselves seen the promised land. To drop the figure; in morality as in other matters the mass of men rest on authority. Personal experience of a rare kind is debarred either from intellectual or temperamental deficiency to acquire it. What is taught by others may be an excellent rule of conduct; but how can we know that it will carry us through new and untried efforts to become better when we have once left our conventional moorings? Only by accepting the prophet in good faith. What he has gone through we may go through; he vouches for the benefit of it on his own feelings and conduct, aims and aspirations. What I am you may become because I have actually lived the life and know what it is. These are the necessary relations of the prophet and the people; they have no test other than the prophet's good faith, and when the prophet's life apparently breaks down as it did, on the assumption of the truth of the Froude revelations, down with it goes the feeling of security in the actual experiences upon which their faith was founded. They make some allowances as practical men for a certain margin of human infirmity. But when it goes beyond that permissible minimum, scepticism in regard both to prophet and doctrine go together, and it is all over.

Touching again on the physiological question raised in the Froude and Crichton Browne controversy. It is impossible that the teachings of the prophet should not be affected by what we know of his personality. If that is abnormal we are thrown into doubt and confusion as to whether what we believe might form a rule of living for all men may not be vitiated at its source in the person of its proclaimer. When both the intellectual and the moral character are thus sapped the doctrine must be tainted. Sir James Crichton Browne and his co-author have therefore sufficient ground for believing that unless Carlyle's life is re-told and rehabilitated his moral influence as a teacher might be hopelessly impaired. They certainly believe that what they consider themselves to have proved relative to Froude himself impairs the value of all his historical work as showing ineradicable defects partly of character and partly of intellect. Both master and disciple would be in the same position if we do not distinguish their different work into that which is didactic and that which is of their literary art. We see no particular reason for exalting Carlyle as a prophet or teacher. He is not taken nearly so seriously as such in the generation which was not in middle life at the time of his death. It is hard to make younger people understand exactly what his "message" was; and it does not seem particularly valuable when it is understood. His influence as moralist has waned, and would have waned, irrespective of the controversy of which we may hope we have heard the last; and his fame will rest almost mainly on his work as an historian who had much of the creative power and gift of tongues of the poets.

THE TRIPPER AND THE CENTIPEDE.

I CAN see—across slopes of green grass all contoured by many-hued flowers—a wedge of blue sky and bluer hills, all summer-hazed into unity, cleaving its way down to a great bunch of white anemones and scarlet gladiolus, through the aspiring sweep of huge silver firs on the one side, and the soft soil-seeking comfortable curves of evergreens on the other. And that blue ætherial distance fits into every line and spine and leaflet of both so accurately that even in imagination it is hard to dissociate the blue from the green, and so as one looks, peace comes with nature's everlasting promise that some day our child's puzzle over God's earth and sky will end, and the scattered fragments of it over which we have blundered so long, be pieced together by a master hand.

But across this particular puzzle piece which has found its place so certainly and spanning both the sandbanks and the tide-way meadows of the estuary, something like a long black frozen centipede stretches to hide each end—head or tail who knows!—behind the silver firs and the rhododendrons. It is a wooden railway bridge and every time I look at it I feel inclined to wonder which way the long, black, many-legged brute would go, should it ever make up its mind to move. The question is a more serious one than might be supposed, because during the last month or so the little sliding trains which only show as a darker line above its straddled legs as they come and go have been carrying hordes of humanity to and from holiday making in a certain "popular seaside resort". In other words taking them from work to play, and vice versa. Taking them therefore, past mountains and green grass, past trees and flowers and water meadows to nigger minstrels, pennies in the slot, sham shell shops, beach photographers and all the other absolute indispensables for the due making of a holy-day in this twentieth century. So the question as to whether choice will fall on the upward striving of the silver firs, or the earth-satisfied curves of the rhododendrons, has an inward meaning, and every time that faintly darker hue, heralded by a belch of steam and whistle comes to give the spidery legs a momentary look of movement by its swept yet all undistinguishable slide, I look up with the old foolish wonder as to whether the brute has really, at last, made up its mind to walk out of the distant hill and sky. But it remains there frozen and even the resolute trail of steam and smoke loses form and finally fades away to make an additional mist wreath on the mountain-side. The doubt as to the intentions therefore of the centipede becomes tantalising, especially when one knows that the trains themselves and all the excursionists in them, are quite certain of their choice. The carriages may be packed to overflowing, the atmosphere may be full of humanity sandwiches orange skins paper bags and baby's bottles in both cases, but the ones which go to the rhododendrons and the nigger minstrels are full of high hopes and happiness, those which return to the upward sweep of the silver firs are full of regret and sadness.

And here again comes recurring wonder at the curious idea of a holiday which most people nowadays consider to be the only one worthy the name. A more or less prolonged hustle in a rattling screeching train, a night or so spent in sampling the springs of the last bed in a place, which passable perhaps when left to itself is now a prey to every vulgarity of which humanity is capable, a few days perhaps of hurried search for happiness and health, and then with a sad heart home again. As a worthy matron I once met on Bank Holiday bringing home a perspiring and pettish family admitted, holidays of this sort "is cruel 'ard on one". So cruel, so hard, that it is difficult to understand how this modern conception of holiday making ever arose, still more how it manages, as it does, to grow stronger and stronger every year. For every year the excursion trains grow longer, and go further afield. And yet they always go for the same thing. For nigger minstrels, beach photographers, and humanity seeking happiness in hordes. The rest which comes by solitude is ignored altogether.

I think that, as usual, in all errors of character, Board schools are greatly to blame for this. They

demoralise the children systematically by herding them together even in their play. When I was in London the other day I saw some twelve hundred girls and boys being conveyed in brakes for a day's outing somewhere in the nearest country. They were all provided with flags and whirligigs and trumpets and were being encouraged by the smiles of a teacher seated at the back to yell, and sing at the top of their voices as they drove through the streets. I did not see nigger minstrels, or a Punch and Judy show, and I have no doubt they were ready at the other end, together with a ceaseless round of every conceivable excitement.

"O Miss! I am so 'ot and so 'appy," said a little girl flinging herself into the arms of a friend of mine on such an occasion; and that seems to me to represent very fairly the aim of most holidays in these later times. To be "'ot and 'appy" is to come back with nerves more weary with work than when they went. That such is the case may be at least suspected from the yearly increasing claim for such holiday, which is in reality no holiday at all. The need for excitement grows so steadily that by and by work and play will change places in their effect on tired brains and muscles. So I am inclined to think that the swift hustling of over a thousand children into herded happiness for a single day is of very doubtful value. A smaller number and a longer time would be better, though even then one would have to be prepared for the reply of the boy who was asked what he had seen and done during his week. "Pleas'm I seen pigs killed and a gentleman buried".

There is no harm in either spectacle; yet they hardly come up to the average estimate of a holiday though that estimate is as a rule curiously invertebrate and confused. The fact being that few of us know by instinct and none of us have been taught what we really need, when we want to take that breathing space for our own personal use which is the essence of a real holiday. The dressmaker who spent all and every Sunday in bed, refusing even the excitement of food, knew what she required, but not one tithe of the holiday-makers who cross my frozen centipede are as wise as she, and so in truth they become holiday breakers.

"The world" says Schopenhauer "seldom offers us any choice between solitude on the one hand, and vulgarity on the other". How true that saying is comes home to one as the little sliding trains slip past from the silver firs to the curves of the evergreens—trains that have come two hundred miles through the heart of England, trains that have left behind them solitary lanes and quiet cornfields, coppices still save for the twittering of birds, silent woods where the rustling of the leaves is as restful as the hush of ripples on the shore; especially when that hush is broken by a trio with corked faces and striped pantaloons. . . . But stay! a brilliant idea comes. Perhaps the very next sliding dark line instead of giving a fictitious air of motion to the legs of the brute, may gain from them quiescence, and then for once, planted out there in the blue of hill and sky with nothing to see but the slow tide lapping its way over the sand-banks and the water-meadows, some weary brains might find true holiday before returning to the upward striving of the silver firs.

F. A. STEEL.

THE LAROCK.

THE grass-grown-over "founds" and the grey crumbling dry stone walls of what had been a house, stood in an island of bright, close-grown grass. About the walls sprang nettles and burdocks and in the chinks tall mulleins stood out like torches, veritable hag-tapers to light the desolation of the scene. Herb robin, and wild pelargonium with pink mallows, straggled about the ruined garden walls. A currant bush all run to wood with grozets and wild rasps still strove against neglect. In the deserted long kail patch, heather and bilberries had resumed their sway. Under the stunted ash, a broken quern and a corn-beetling stone grown green with moss, spoke of a time of life and animation, simple and primitive, but fitting

to the place. On every side the stone-strewn moor stretched to the waters of the loch, leaving a ridge of shingle on the edge. The hills were capped with mist, that lifted rarely, and only in the summer evenings, or in the winter frosts, were clear and visible. Firs, remnants of the Caledonian forest, sprang from the rocky soil and stood out stark, retiring sentinels of the old world, the world in which they, the white cattle, the wild boar and wolf, were fellow-dwellers; and from which they lingered, to remind one of the others who had disappeared. The birch trees rustled their lament, sadder than those of earthly chanters, or of the strains of a scarce heard strathspey coming down through the glens with the west wind. The rowans on the little stony tumuli showed reddening berries, as they turned their silvery leaves towards Loch Shiel. All was sad, wild and desolate, the soft warm rain drawing up from the ground a mist, which met the mist descending from the sky, and hung a curtain over the rocks, the strath, the loch and everything, and glistened greyly on the wet leaves of trees. A leaden sky, seen vaguely through the rain, and broken to the west by "windows", seemed to shut out the narrow glen from all the world, confining it in plates of lead; lead in the skies, and in the waters of the sullen loch.

Desolation reigned, where once was life, and where along the loch smoke had ascended, curling to heaven humbly from the shielings thatched with reeds, with heather and with whins, the thatch kept down with birchen poles, fastened with stones, and on whose roofs the corydalis and the house leek sprang from the flaughter feals. But now no acrid peat reek made the eyes water, or pervaded heart and soul, with the nostalgia of the North, that North ungrateful, hard, and whimsical, but loveable and leal; where man grows like the sapucaya nut, hard rinded, rough and angular, but tender at the core. All, all were gone, gone to far Canada, or to the swamps and the pine-barrens of the Carolinas, to Georgia, to New Zealand, nothing but Prionsa Tearleach's monument, set like a lighthouse on the shores of a dead sea, the sea of failure, seemed to remind one that the pibroch had once resounded through the glens. Heather and tormentil, with cotton grass, that seemed to have preserved the feather of some bird extinct for ages, eye-bright and knapweed, hare-bells and golden rod, prunella, meadowsweet, with the bog asphodel on the yellow springy turf near swamps, and foxgloves in the woods, all bloomed, and thought not on the departed children who had plucked them when the strath held men. It may be that the plants regretted the lost children's hands that gathered them, and were their only mourners, for thought must linger somewhere, if only amongst flowers.

In the old plough-marked ridges of the forsaken crofts, the matted ragweed grew, to show the land had once been cultivated. Nature smiled through the middle mist, which shrouded loch and hill as in derision of the changes which mankind had suffered, and looked as tolerantly upon the tourists, water-proofed to the ears, as she had gazed upon the clansmen, who must have seemed as much a part of her as were the roe, who peeped out timidly from the birch thickets, to watch the steamboat puffing on the lake. Yet still about the laroche a hum of voices hung, or seemed to hang to anyone who listened with ears undeadened by the steam-hooter's bray; voices whose guttural accents seemed more attuned to the long swish of waves and moaning of the wind, than those which, in their throaty tone, mingle with nothing but the jangle of a street. Voices there were that spoke of the dead past, when laughter echoed through the glens—the low-tuned laughter of a silent race. Voices that last had sounded in their grief and tears, as the rough roof tree fell, or worse, was left intact, as the owners of the house turned for a last look at their shielings on the solitary strath.

An air of sadness and of failure, as if the very power, which placed the ancient owners on the soil, had not proved powerful enough to keep them there, hung on the hills, and brooded on the lake. A Keltic sadness, bred in the bone of an old race, which could not hope to strive with new surroundings, and which the stranger has supplanted, just as the Hanoverian rat drove out

his British cousin and usurped his place. Land, sky and loch spoke of the vanished people and their last enterprise; their first and last, when far Lochaber almost imposed a king on England, pushed on his fortunes, shed its blood for him, and when beaten and desperate he fled for life, sheltered him in the greyness of its mists. But in the soul-pervading futile beauty which hung over all, the laroche gave as it were a keynote, as the tired vapour-ridden sun at times blinked on it, and shone upon its ruined walls. It seemed to speak of mournful happiness and of the humble joys of those who felt the storm, the sunshine, and the rain, as their own trees and rocks had felt them, dumbly but cheerfully, and who, departing, had left no record of themselves, but the poor rickle of grey stones, or the faint echo of their hearts, heard in the notes of a strathspey quavering down through the glens, and mingling with the south-east gale. The silence of an empty land, from which the people had been driven sore against their will, and had departed to make their fortunes, and to mourn their stony pastures to the third generation and the fourth, oppressed one, whilst the winds echoed through the corries, as if seeking someone to talk with about days gone by.

On the peat hags the struggling sunbeams glinted, lighting them up for a brief moment, as the flaming chimney of an ironwork, in a manufacturing town, breaks through the vapour of the slums, and lights the waters of some dank canal, giving an air as of an opening of the mouth of hell, black and unfathomable. The stunted willow and dwarf alder fringed the margin of the rushy streams, which gurgled in deep channels, forming small lins, on which the white foam flecked the tawny peat water, or breaking into little rapids, brattled amongst round pebbles, or again sank out of sight amongst the sedge of flags. Their tinkling music was unheard, except perhaps in ears which had grown blunted with the roar of cabs. Perchance it was remembered as a legend heard in childhood is remembered faintly in old age. Straggling across the hills, the footpaths, long disused, lay white amongst the heather, the stones retaining still a smoothness made by the feet of those who, in their deer-skin moccasins, had journeyed in the past from the lone laroche to other laroches, which once had all been homesteads dear to the dwellers in them, and to-day were silent and forgotten as the half-subterranean dwellings of the Picts.

Still the sweet-gale gave out its aromatic scent, the feathery bracken waved, the hills towered up into the sky, flecked here and there with snow, and nature seemed to call to the departed clans, telling them to return and find their land unchanged. She called to ears long dead, or rendered unresponsive in their new homes, for nothing broke the silence of the glens, but the harsh cry of the wild geese, flying unseen amongst the middle region of the mist, calling on high the coronach of the departed and the dead.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

KING RICHARD THE SECONDARY.

ONE wondered, on the way to see him, what King Richard was doing in London. Historical he may be and perhaps London leans to history more than one might think. But it was not history that interested his historian. That interest was psychological, and in King Richard the dramatist touched a type which moved him in later years still more profoundly. It is psychology hampered a good deal by the stage conventions of the time, hampered too by the author's immaturity and by his desire to say everything at once; to be always poetical and always impressive: but psychology it is nakedly as are any of Ibsen's exasperating studies. And London has emphatically set its face against psychology. One may esteem the play also for its poetry. Perhaps from none so little known have come so many passages that have been minted for popular memory. It is too poetical: it is smothered in poetry. But since when, one would be pleased to know, has London developed a liking for that sort of fare? No, one has a right to wonder what King Richard does among us.

Mr. Tree clearly shares such misgivings, or rather he goes beyond them, he sees perfectly that King Richard has no business here at all; that our theatre has at present no business with him and that he could certainly do no business for it. Therefore, with great wisdom as a manager, Mr. Tree decides, not indeed to do without the King, but to run him, as one might say, as a kind of subsidiary attraction. In that he admirably succeeds. He gives us a wonderful show, which enlarges our surprise at the resources of stage carpentry, which should leave us many valuable suggestions in costume, which almost saves us a visit to the Hippodrome, and which is incidentally King Richard the Second. That is a result of which any manager may be proud, and from which His Majesty's should reap a substantial harvest. People who go to see King Richard will leave with the impression that they have spent the evening intellectually. They will not have done that, but they might have easily spent it to less profit; and the almost continuous music and gay variation of costumes should prevent their missing stimulations to which they may be more accustomed.

To do King Richard at all in the compass of an evening—to sandwich it between dinner and supper, entails inevitable compression, and the pace at which it seems fashionable to speak blank verse compels one squeeze the more; and compression of a work so dramatically scattered is a very difficult matter. Mr. Tree has telescoped the five acts into three; skilfully enough, but losing thereby many of those cross reflections on which in drama the moulding of character so much depends. Mr. Tree tries to suggest them by action, but that leads to an accentuation of trivialities which smudge the more essential qualities of relief. He has another method of supplementing what he excises, which, however it may help to elucidate, can only deserve strong condemnation. He transplants speeches. He takes talk from one mouth in one scene, and puts it into another mouth with quite different surroundings. That would be an insult to the meanest dramatist. If dialogue counts for anything in depicting character it counts for everything; and it must be at the base of the dramatist's belief, that nothing could be said as it is said save by the one person and under the particular provocation.

It may be objected that Shakespeare when he wrote King Richard would have been the very first to deride such purist theory; that he was much more concerned for the moment with poetry than with drama, and could plainly be tempted to say prettily what had better not have been said at all. Probable enough! the child queen's philosophies stand clear to prove it. But for what Shakespeare did, Shakespeare must answer; it is a different matter, and an undutiful precedent to make a hash of his remains. The play suffers also in this version, as might be expected from an upset of balance. Inevitably in what has gone there is very little Richard. In the play as written we are wisely given a good many rests from him. Shakespeare may have realised that neurotic studies are apt to harp upon the nerves. So, right up to the finish one hears the echoes of the civil war, the stress and clamour of a divided kingdom, about poor Richard's ever-paling woe.

But at His Majesty's the King's figure rises, growing luminously large and expansively pathetic, like some apotheosis in pantomime, as the play closes in, at the fatal moment, itself a consequence, that the dramatic action of the play dies down around it. That is a sufficiently serious misconstruction to imperil the success of the production.

Before the middle of the play is reached Richard's serious communings with himself begin. One very long, very suggestive, in parts exquisitely poetic, on his landing in Wales, continued on the battlements of Flint Castle. Another longer still in Westminster Hall, before the wearied peers, continued in the street with his queen. The third in the dungeon, which is undistracted soliloquy. The first two give scope for dramatic ability of a very high order. Both are exceedingly difficult to do well; but they have in common a splendour of speech, a power of colour over the things they picture, an appeal to great and common issues, to the mutability of things and the popular philosophies of

resignation. A great actor should be able to make a great deal out of them. But the third is practically outside the compass of all but the few. It requires the most exquisite enunciation to give to its speculation the sense of evanescent scripture on the groping brain, and it demands as well, especially at a late hour of the evening, the supreme gift of personality. The enlargement of Richard at His Majesty's, by throwing an un contemplated strain on the man who plays him, and overpowering the movement of the concluding scenes, is from a practical standpoint perhaps the most serious defect. The addition of a coronation scene in a play staged for its pageant serves the double purpose of a showy tableau and of sending the casual playgoer comfortable away. But the play is a tragedy, tragedies should not be comforting, and the right and real impressive ending is over Richard's bier. The most salient defeat of the representation, at least on the opening night, was, what one always notices so much in English performances of ancient plays, the lack of any standardised conception of how their lines should be given. Some of the younger men rendered their parts at the pace which seems best to extract their vitality, but the average elocution was depressingly slow. Especially when delivering famous speeches the actors seemed grudgingly to defer losing the ear of the house. King Richard's sigh, which came close on midnight, "I wasted time and now doth time waste me" had a most striking appropriateness. Yet, though the most in evidence, he was not the worst offender, and started with a delusive promise of speed. The performance was also as a whole as much too loud as it was too slow. Whatever else it is permissible to howl, philosophy and noble grief should never be noisy. There is nothing in Shakespeare so full of a slow nobility of restraint as Gaunt's great apostrophe to England. It is heavy with the hopeless sadness of his dying eyes, majestically quiet, solemn with love. It is simply, as the old man speaks it, looking out upon the land he is leaving, the tenderest of farewells: almost maternal in its concern. At His Majesty's it went with a roar: the roar, possibly, of a wounded lion, but a roar which bruised and mired all its beauty and all its grief. Mr. Tree fell into the same error with many of the King's speeches, which need to be tentatively spoken not vigorously declaimed. But he showed throughout that the character was beyond him. His reading would have served admirably for an hysterical woman in a man's disguise, who is always on the point of giving herself away. A man is very seldom suggested, a king never. Yet Richard was a king in his odd moments. The fittings of his delicate fanciful mind Mr. Tree rendered at times with a hard sonority, which suggested nothing less transient than the Decalogue; while, when he lowered his voice, it was to touch not thought but insanity. Granted that Shakespeare's Richard is undramatic and psychologically insecure; but it is alive, sensitive, and provocatively varied. Mr. Tree not only failed to reach the King, he failed even to touch the soldier. He uses his sword on the coast of Wales as his whip in Gaunt's bed-chamber: holding it between thumb and forefinger and running his other hand up and down its double-edged blade. Once more the woman. Mr. Oscar Asche is too truculent as Bolingbroke, but a very effective foil to the King. Miss Lily Brayton spoke her lines beautifully; but the Queen is all of one colour, the colour of tears. Her tears and her frocks very well became her. Of the other parts, the smaller they were the better they were filled. The staging merits a word more. Even though one may not personally admire stage imitation, the trembling castles, flat trees, and paper roses are worth enduring for the sake of the brocades. Except the moonlit knights before Flint Castle, all the pageants look, inevitably, too bright and new. But in these dim days one such sheer gulp of gorgeousness is something reminiscently to be grateful for. The hippodrome effects are another matter. Mr. Oscar Asche's tumble proved how popular they are; but it is rather trifling with prosperity to throw one's Bolingbrokes in that fashion to the mob.

H. F. PREVOST BATTERSBY.

"MORE THAN MY BROTHERS."

ἵνα . . . ἀπλῶς πρὸς Ἐρωτα μετὰ φιλοσόφων λόγων τὸν βίον ποιῇται.—PLATO.

WE were at school together: oh! the years
That unregretful memory endears
(We have you still), the walks that then we took,
Unmarred by brimming boyish hopes and fears;

When, arm in arm, we moved about the town,
Or to the field each holiday went down,
And played together with a merry heart:
That joy is fresh—we two are older grown.

But still in your bright gleaming smile I find
A symbol of my friend, or in the kind
Sweet laughter quivering round the young glad
lips,
Nor ever let the symbol hide the mind

Within, the deeper qualities of soul,
That fondly blend in one harmonious whole:
Grave, courteous, sober, yet withal you love
The light companionship of pipe and bowl.

So true, so straight, no man of trivial thought,
Your temper placid and your manly port,
Presenting to the world no vulgar show,
Are dear in days so restless and distraught.

Yes! dear the graces in those eyes that shine,
Love much in being loved, gaze deep in mine,
And with a full affection tell me clear—
Could I but doubt it—man too is divine.

So happy days your progress here attend,
The best of books and songs and music lend
Their heaven-sent inspiration, mellow joy,
To crown our unforgetting love, dear friend.

H. P. COOKE.

AN ÆSTHETIC BOOK.

I REVERE the expert in an art; but I prefer the occasional critic. The mischief of being an expert is this: long before you have fairly earned the title, you have exhausted what you had to say; and, moreover, your knowledge of life and of the other arts has been rusting. Mr. Arthur Symons, whose new book* is my theme, must certainly be deemed an occasional critic of drama. He has gone, in his time, to many theatres, and written about what he saw in them; but he has not lingered in them exclusively; still less has he regarded them as his goal. By him they had merely been marked down among the many sights to be "done" by him as generally curious tourist. The notes he made of them are inevitably refreshing. True, we do not (for a reason which I will adumbrate anon) feel that here is a man who is in close touch with life. In that respect the book might be the work of a theatrical expert. Where it differs from such work is in the sense it gives us of a writer who has nourished his æsthetic sense by the study of diverse art-forms, and so can judge this particular art-form by a more general standard and with a larger vision. The expert is always tempted to pettifog. The occasional critic would hardly know how, even had he the desire, to pettifog. Yet in one branch of theatrical criticism, Mr. Symons is more knowing, more meticulous, than almost any of the regular critics. Theatrical criticism concerns itself with two arts, dramaturgy and acting. The ordinary critic devotes

all his intelligence to the first, partly because it is the more important, and partly because, being itself a form of literature, it can more easily be written about. Many of our dramatists can get useful hints from many of our critics. But our mimes can derive no benefit save such pride as there is for them in knowing that they are "admirable", or have "never done anything better", or have "seldom been seen to greater advantage", and such shame as there may be in the consciousness that they are "somewhat disappointing" or "evidently suffering from the proverbial nervousness incidental to a first-night performance". On the other hand, I can imagine that the eminent mimes who in this book are so very sensitively and acutely appreciated might hail Mr. Symons as a wizard, in that he knows better than they how they make their every effect, and which of their effects is right, which wrong, and the why and the wherefore of all their fluid and elusive art. I can imagine that any young mime, reading attentively what Mr. Symons has to say of Coquelin and Bernhardt and Hading and many others, would derive real profit for his or her own work. I do not agree with all Mr. Symons' estimates. But the point is that they are estimates—keen and patient observations, made from a sound basis of first principles, and not merely the usual peppering of fortuitous epithets.

One reason why this book is so fresh and welcome is that we see for the first time the Pateresque manner and method of criticism applied to current dramatic art. "Pateresque" is no slight on Mr. Symons. I use it merely because "Symonesque" would not, at present, be so quickly indicative. Mr. Symons is no mere servile imitator, though Pater had the good fortune to be born before him, and the bad fortune to die too soon to see how well his work would be carried forward. To say that the mantle of A has descended on B is usually but a polite way of saying that B, in his master's clothes, looks as like his master as a valet looks like *his* master. But there is no hidden sting to my image of Mr. Symons in Pater's mantle. Superficially, no doubt, Mr. Symons has indulged in some conscious imitation. His frequent "Well!" for the resumption of an argument is a conscious echo. But for Pater, again, he would not be so shy of showing us his sense of humour—would not swathe his jests in such solemn wrappers before venturing to slip them into his scheme. Nor would he so multiply his commas. But his conscious imitation does not go far. Essentially, he is himself, and that self merely happens to have been Pater's—a sensitive, fastidious, ever-ruminating self. The quietism of his style is, not less than Pater's, a genuine growth from within. The most salient points of likeness between the two men, that which is at once their cardinal strength and their cardinal weakness, is that for each of them (as, indeed, for every quietist) art matters more than life, and form in art more than meaning. Life was too harsh, chaotic an affair for the timid and exacting soul of Pater. He could not relish or digest it till art had minced it for him. He seldom mentioned it directly. When he cast his criticism in the form of fiction, it was always some antique or very cloistral phase of life that he handled, some secretive and remote soul that he dared finger. Once, indeed, he did venture out into the open. But "Emerald Uthwart" is itself the greatest monument to his horror and ignorance of the hurly-burly. His aim therein, his explicit aim, was to describe an averagely stolid English boy going to a public school, and subsequently going into the army and dying heroically for his country. "See him as he stands! counting now the hours that remain, on the eve of that first emigration"—that is, on the evening before he goes to school for the first time. "That first emigration" is a whiff of smelling-salts, to save the author from swooning on the threshold of awful actuality. "As Uthwart passes through the old ecclesiastical city, upon which any modern touch, modern door or window, seems a thing out of place through negligence, the diluted sunlight itself seems driven along with a sparing trace of gilded vane or red tile in it, under the wholesome active wind from the East coast. . . . Uthwart duly passes his examination; and, in their own chapel in the transept of the choir, lighted up late for evening

* "Plays, Acting and Music." By Arthur Symons. Duckworth.

prayer after the long day of trial, is received to the full privileges of a scholar with the accustomed Latin words:—*Introitum tuum et exitum tuum custodiat Dominus!* Uthwart's whole school-life is treated in this vein, as though it were a kind of passionate monasticism. The grim realities of warfare, when we find him later in the thick of them, are described as one would describe a stately minuet, danced by shadows. The story ends with an extract from the diary of a surgeon. But, though this device savours of Miss Braddon, the surgeon himself, describing the post-mortem, is endowed with all the lingering and exquisite melancholy of Pater's especial style. Only so, at that ceremonious distance, through those veils, could Pater look life in the face. Not vivid, therefore, not very bracing and filling, is the impression he transmits. When Mr. Symons deals directly with life, we suffer from a similar inanition. Life has no formal curves and harmonies. It is not an art. Mr. Symons thinks that it is, if you can but see it rightly, and that he is therefore in duty bound not to omit it from his syllabus. "As life too is a form of art", he says in his preface, "and the visible world the chief storehouse of beauty, I try to indulge my curiosity by the study of places and of people". But the result of this very discreet and tentative attitude is that Mr. Symons hardly conveys through his writing that his subject is alive and kicking. When he writes, as he often has written, of the cities that he has visited, and tells us, with very delicate art, of the many impressions they made on him, I always feel that they are, somehow, cities of the dead. I do not feel that pervasive animation which is the keynote of a city's life. "Dear God! the very houses seem asleep", and Mr. Symons, a still and solitary figure, muffled, seems to be crooning over them a delicious lullaby. In this book he naively convicts himself of incapacity to write about actual things. He confesses, like a certain statesman, but probably with greater truth than he, that he never reads a newspaper. The man who does not skim through at least one newspaper every day is not a man who is interested in life, and not, therefore, a man who can write well about it. Even when, as in this book, Mr. Symons is dealing with life only as filtered through art, his innate quietism is sometimes a stumbling-block. Thus he argues that Sir Henry Irving was an ideal Coriolanus because "he never ranted". The truth, of course, is that Sir Henry failed as Coriolanus because he was incapable of that harsh robustness which is the very essence of the part. However, I do not deplore such errors. They are the necessary defects of a quality. If Mr. Symons were not such a quietist, he would not be, on the whole, so patient and penetrating an art-critic. He would not, moreover, be himself. A definite self—that is what one most needs in a critic. "It takes all kinds to make a world." And the habit of demanding all kinds in one man is a stupid habit, due, no doubt, to that modern spirit of hurry-skurry which makes us so impatient of all learning that cannot be absorbed quickly and easily from one compendious source. Every quality has its defect, and it is only by eclectic reading that we can behold that monster, the perfect critic.

MAX BEERBOHM.

COMMERCIAL UNION VALUATION.

THE Commercial Union Assurance Company is an office of considerable importance, and affords unquestionable security to its policy-holders. It is not an old society, since it was only founded in 1861; but the Life department has reached moderate magnitude and in the Fire department it ranks as one of the greatest of existing Fire offices. It transacts Fire, Life, Marine, and Accident business. The Fire branch of the business produced quite satisfactory results last year, since the losses and expenses amounted to less than 90 per cent. of the premiums, leaving a trading profit of more than 10 per cent.

The Life department, however, with which we are specially concerned at the moment, fails to show satisfactory results for the policy-holders. The returns of its quinquennial valuation have just been published: the liabilities are valued by the New British Offices'

Tables, with interest at 3 per cent., a basis which makes wholly adequate provision for securing the fulfilment of its contracts and which ought to enable, but does not, large bonuses to be paid to its policy-holders. We say it ought to provide large bonuses, since, while the rate of interest assumed is only 3 per cent., the rate of interest earned is over 4 per cent., and the contribution to surplus is more than 1 per cent. per annum of its funds.

The profits which might have been expected to accrue for the benefit of the policy-holders is however largely interfered with by the proportion of the profit which is taken by the shareholders. The proprietors receive 20 per cent. of the divisible surplus, which on present occasion amounts to nearly 6 per cent. of premium income. For the payment of commission and the management of the business the expenses of the Life department amount to 13 per cent. of the Life premium income received, a rate of expenditure which is moderate enough; but nearly £6 out of every £100 paid by the policy-holders is taken by the shareholders, and this too-substantial contribution to the profits of the proprietors is detrimental, rather than advantageous, to the participating policy-holders.

The fact is that the shareholders are getting a great deal too much, and the holders of participating life assurance policies a great deal too little. Last year the Fire department contributed £60,000 to profit and loss, and the Marine department contributed £50,000; before very long the recently established Accident department will also be contributing to the profit for shareholders, and the Life department is also contributing nearly 6 per cent. of the Life premium income, or in other words nearly £13,000 a year. The consequence is that the dividends to shareholders amount to 40 per cent. of the share capital per annum, which it is entirely impossible to suppose can be continued for very long. If such a rate of profit can be obtained from the Fire and Marine departments the shareholders are entitled to receive it; but so far as the profits from the Life department are concerned it is scarcely conceivable that new policy-holders will be content to contribute so much for the benefit of the proprietors while receiving no corresponding advantage.

The quinquennial valuation returns supply information in regard to surrender values, from which it is apparent that the company gives far less liberal terms in this connexion than are usually granted by British Life Offices. The net result of a critical examination of the company's own returns to the Board of Trade is to show that whether its policies are kept in force till death, or prematurely surrendered, they are among the least profitable investments that it is possible for a policy-holder to make.

We do not like being compelled to write in this way about a company of much importance and of unquestionable financial standing. There is no apparent reason why the directors should not adopt a policy of ordinary liberality towards those who are assured in the Life department, which would enable the Commercial Union to take high rank among the Life offices of the United Kingdom. At the present time the society is not far from the bottom of the list of successful Life offices from a policy-holder's point of view. It might rise to somewhere near the top if the directors adopted a more enlightened policy.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FREE TRADE STATISTICIAN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bognor, 14 September.

SIR,—Your leader last week on the Free Trade Statistician to those who read it with the care it deserves will be useful in precise proportion as they see that your conclusions apply not only to the free trader but to the protectionist or tariff reformer or whatever he may be called. Commendably you refrain from using the well-worked tag "Figures may be made to prove anything". As matter of fact that is not true. They may be made to appear to prove anything. If they did prove anything then, as used by Mr. Chamberlain's opponents, they would prove that

the free importer was right and the rest of the world wrong. It is only when one approaches the alleged free trader's statistics with the knowledge which some of us, including the SATURDAY REVIEW, possess that we understand how little they prove and how much they misrepresent the facts either through what Sir Harry Johnston would call purblindness or through deliberate intention to deceive. For my own part I should allot 75 per cent. to the deliberate intention and 25 per cent. to the purblindness.

Figures as you properly insist can only be interpreted aright and can only be a useful guide in future action when they are studied in the light of circumstances. It is not conclusive for instance to say that I am better off when I am earning £400 a year than when I was earning £350, if the statement is made in ignorance of the fact that it costs me £100 a year more to live. When you know that I have added two children to my domestic circle and had in consequence to take a larger house and invoke the assistance of the most unpretentious of nursemaids, you will understand that I am not better but worse off. So it is with our Imperial statistics and I shall be very much astonished if the outcome of the inquiry is not to expose the hollowness of the prosperity with which free trade is credited. We shall then find unless I am gravely mistaken that we have overstepped the border line of income and are partly living on our capital. Up to a point I am prepared to admit the free trader's argument that excess of imports has been payment for services rendered and interest on money lent abroad, but I have studied the movements of trade and of money in vain, if we have not long since passed the limit of the earned or unearned increment. My point is this: if from various causes we are entitled to receive from abroad £150,000,000 a year, that £150,000,000 may come to us in the shape of imports without necessarily spelling ruin. But if we take £160,000,000 of imports how are we to satisfy the difference of £10,000,000? Either by capital expenditure or by forcing our sales up another £10,000,000 so as to keep the difference at £150,000,000. The problem could be partly settled if someone could tell us what is the exact amount due to us on account of work done and money invested.

One sentence in your article seems to me to be wholly misinformed. You say "the United Kingdom secures a diminishing share of the international trade of the world and in particular of the British colonies". I think you will find if you will make the impartial examination of the figures which you favour that on the whole the improvement in our trade with the colonies has made up for the fall in our trade with the foreigner and so saved us from going back at a rate which might convince even a free importer. That is a point as to which it is necessary to be careful, because if I am right—and I have no means of verifying my figures down here—it is one of the strongest arguments in favour of Mr. Chamberlain's proposed reform.

I am, Sir, yours very truly,
E. S.

GERMAN AND ENGLISH BREAD PRICES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Kirchen Allée 54, Hamburg, Germany.

SIR,—Referring to my letter in your issue of the 5th inst. I trust someone more competent than myself may enlarge on the means for obtaining an improvement in bread supply, both as regards price and nourishing value; in the "Times" of 27 August has appeared a letter by C. E. Webber, who uses plain language, closely relative to this, which deserves more general attention; that a moderate import duty on grain is a comparatively slight addition to the cost of raw material for bread-making will be admitted on nearer investigation; the charge for labour and distribution is a more important factor.

The Bakery Exhibition recently opened at Islington will not enlighten the consumer on such matters; if a price competition could be arranged for the cheapest wholesome bread it might be to better purpose; Continental bakers would very likely teach ours a useful lesson.

As to the proposed grain duty it is instructive to note

the comments of the local press here, how they enlarge on the preponderance of free-trade ideas and on the decline of Mr. Chamberlain's influence, as they are pleased to call it; surely this is a good argument for our tariff reform.

When Bismarck had started a Customs Union question and proposed to include Hamburg, then a free town, the opposition to it was fully as strong as it appears to be in England at present against a tax on bread material; here they were finally forced to submit, and no man was more respected subsequently than Bismarck. Surely to be a great man is to be misunderstood by the many!

I am, Sir, yours very truly, A. DROEGE.

THE MOSELY EDUCATIONAL COMMISSION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

New York, 4 September, 1903.

SIR,—The programme of the Mosely Educational Commission, as published in the "Times", is excellent as far as it goes, but if it stops short with visits to selected American schools the information it brings back to England will not be very pertinent to present needs. It will be interesting, no doubt, to inspect the apparatus that wealthy Americans have provided for technical instruction and to observe its working. But no provision appears to have been made for enabling the delegates to gauge the results of this instruction. It seems to me that their inquiry will not be complete until they have discovered—by a careful examination, say, of the best New York stores—how the products of American skilled workmanship compare with imported goods, and until they have also been at pains to learn how many of the most valuable workmen in American factories received their training in other countries. These points have a vital bearing upon the question of America's example to England, but they appear to have been overlooked by most of the enthusiasts upon the subject.

Yours,
AN ENGLISHMAN IN AMERICA.

WHEATEARS IN HYDE PARK.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It may interest some to know that on 11 September last I came across two wheatears about midway between the Serpentine boathouses and the end of Mount Street. A friend who was with me saw one of the birds the following day hanging about the same spot. On the third day this one also had departed. There is nothing remarkable about this—only that one welcomes any change from Mr. Tegetmeier's "Avian Rat". Thinking of rats may I quote you an extract from my morning letters?

"Who was Conversation Sharp? C. Kirkpatrick S. Scott's friend? or Sharpe? S. Rogers' friend who leapt from his post-chaise to save a mouse from torture by boys, but desisted and drove on when he found that the animal was a young rat!"

Yours &c. ARMIN T. KENT.

THE ETHICS OF "FESTIVAL" PERFORMANCES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—May I be allowed to draw attention to a question of public interest—namely the duty of the management of a musical "festival" towards the public? I presume we generally understand by "festival" performances renderings of selected works, under special conditions, by artists carefully chosen with a view to their competence for fulfilling the special task assigned to them. This is, I venture to say, the view taken alike by the managers of our English festivals, and by the committee of the Bayreuth Theatre. Munich, however, thinks otherwise; for them, apparently, a Wagner "festival" is merely an opportunity afforded the permanent cast of the Hofoper to perform before a wider and more cosmopolitan audience than that to which their talents entitle them, and to be utilised to the filling of the managerial coffers by charging 20 marks for what during the

ordinary season can be heard for less than a third of that price. The so-called "Wagner Festival" has just concluded, and this is what, during the last cycle of eight performances, a management which claims to lead the way in matters Wagnerian has offered to us.

"Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser", exclusively Munich singers. Munich once possessed a Vogl, she has now two leading tenors. One (I am quoting from Munich criticisms) has been the victim of injustice in not being cast for the part of David in the "Meistersingers" and is at his best in such light operas as "Die Fledermaus": he was cast for Lohengrin. The other, the leading tenore buffo before he was advanced to Wagner rôles, for Tannhäuser, a part which taxes even the tragic intensity of a Van Dyck. "Meistersinger" brought indeed a Gast as Walther, in the person of Herr Burrian of Dresden, who sang and acted well, but was quite unsuited in appearance for the part. Lest we should be too elated by the change of tenors the management thoughtfully withdrew both Frau Schumann-Heink and Fräulein Koboth from the cast, replacing them by Munich artists of very inferior capacity; thus what might have been a really excellent performance was reduced to respectable mediocrity. "Tristan", with Mme. Nordica and Herr Burrian in the leading rôles, and the remainder of the cast adequately filled, was, vocally, far more successful, though dramatically, it left much to be desired.

Finally came the "Ring" and any hopes of better things which might have been raised by the very fine performance of Herr Krans and Fräulein Morena as Siegmund and Sieglinde, were hopelessly destroyed by the quite impossible Brünnhilde of Fräulein Plaichinger. Vocally the artist was quite inadequate to the task assigned her, her voice being neither sufficiently powerful, nor sufficiently high; the last scene of the "Götterdämmerung" with its magnificent opportunities falling quite flat. Her conception of the character was certainly original, a Brünnhilde who looks like an Aubrey Beardsley model, and acts the closing scenes of "Siegfried" like a Mænad is as unusual as she is unpleasing. Nor did Herr Knote's Siegfried rise above the level of mediocrity; Dr. Fischer's magnificent conducting of the "Götterdämmerung", (the Tempo the first two days was "dragged") alone saved the performance. Throughout, the only Munich artist who has fairly risen to the demands of the situation and given absolutely fine renderings of the rôles assigned, has been Fräulein Morena, who as Elsa, Elisabeth, and Sieglinde has done admirably, and bids fair to be a worthy successor to Ternina. Herr Klöpfer is a sound artist, but the quality of his voice limits him to comparatively small rôles, he was in every instance satisfactory. Feinhats, to whom as local baritone was assigned all the leading baritone rôles, Wotan, Telramund, Wolfram, Sachs, has a powerful but harsh voice, which he forces unpleasingly, he has a good appearance, and is an intelligent actor, and could he learn to sing, would be a fine artist. If to these three are added Frau Senger-Bottag, Fräulein Huhn, and Herr Hofmüller, all of them good, but not first-class artists, we have the material with which, (and the addition of an occasional Gast) Munich has attempted to present a "Festival" series of the whole cycle of Wagner opera! Once Munich stood in the van of Wagnerian progress, but those days passed with Levi, Vogl and Ternina; and while her star has waned the light has broadened elsewhere. In all the leading capitals of Europe good Wagner representations are to be heard; to Bayreuth we look for, from time to time, great renderings of certain selected dramas. Munich, in the days of her decadence, has not been content to aim at maintaining a standard that would bear comparison with that reached elsewhere, but has insisted on, not rivalling, but outdoing Bayreuth (where the management would never attempt eight dramas in one Festival) the result has been, in the opinion of all critical hearers, artistic suicide. The American tourist, who has formed the bulk of this year's audience, has been delighted; the true Wagnerian, English, French and German, has murmured sadly "Ichabod" and gone his way, not to return.

Yours truly, J. L. W.

REVIEWS.

A GROTESQUE BROWNING.

"Robert Browning." By G. K. Chesterton. London: Macmillan. 1903. 2s.

MANY years ago a medley of young literary men were gathered to meet Robert Browning. The most aggressively literary of the group was first introduced and at once began to pour out his personal delight and admiration with so unceasing a flow that the other introductions were being held in abeyance and the other literary young men starved. Browning endured it with great good humour for some time. At last he put his hand almost affectionately on the egotist's shoulder. "But I am monopolising you" he said. It is a pity that before he finished his "Browning" someone did not so arrest Mr. Chesterton. He had got the ear of Browning and we could have listened gladly to him if he had allowed Browning to slip in now and again sideways. We hoped to read an estimate of the man by a young writer who had, we knew, at least the youth and the vigour to understand him. If criticism, in Anatole France's immortal phrase, is the adventure of a soul among masterpieces, here was at any rate the first requisite: a soul with the adventurous spirit whose journey lay among the most original "men and women", to use their other title, the most varied group of "Dramatis Personæ" in any poet. We were seldom more thoroughly disappointed in a book of adventure. It is as if the adventurer had walked through a land of adventure either so absorbed in his own thoughts as to miss the larger beauties or, when he looked round, so myopic as only to mark the grosser and more misshapen forms that crossed his path. The tale, Mr. Chesterton's *Epipsychidion*, is anything but dull. It deserves the attribute which newspaper artists aim at: it is striking. Ideas, if not new and deep, yet crisp and quaint, are scattered freely and if we get less of Browning, the dramatic poet, we get more of Mr. Chesterton, the critical epigrammatist. If a man who had no knowledge of Browning were to read this estimate he would conceive the bulk of Browning to be "a jolly chapter of Rabelais" with some fine love poems and one serious work, "The Ring and the Book" added as an appendix. Of course Browning was often grotesque in form and matter; but the grotesque was not of the essence of the man. To take "Childe Roland": as a poem it may mean, as Mr. Chesterton holds, little or nothing, in the sense that you can pick out and interpret its "message". But it gives with unmistakable emphasis the spirit of the mediæval quest, the inspired chivalry of the Malory tales; and there is the hope of all ages in the brave blast on the horn which at the close scatters the accumulated terror of the nightmare scenes. Mr. Chesterton, with his vexatious trick of conversational and wholly unnecessary illustration, says—"His sense of scrubbiness in nature, as of a man unshaved, had never been conveyed with this enthusiasm and primæval gusto before" and again "it is the song of the beauty of refuse". He cannot escape from this trick of translating Browning into the grotesque. His interpretation of "Bishop Blougram's Apology" is another instance. Browning said openly that Cardinal Wiseman was the bishop but that the portrait was not an attack. Of course it was not; but Mr. Chesterton can find no words for the Bishop but "a snob" and "a vulgar fashionable priest" and attributes the beautiful passages to Browning's way of putting divine thoughts into the mouth of knaves. This masterpiece of psychology is described as "one of the most grotesque poems in the poet's works" and as having "many touches of an almost wild bathos". Driven by this mania for tracking down the grotesque he slurs the critical significance of the poems for which, apart from "The Ring and the Book" Browning is and will be chiefly remembered: "James Lee's Wife", "The Bishop Orders his Tomb"—which seemed to Ruskin the best interpretation in literature of the Renaissance spirit; "Saul"; "Rabbi Ben Ezra"; "The Grammarian's Funeral". Indeed almost the whole of "Dramatis Personæ" and the poems connected with Italian artists are touched allusively or wholly omitted as having next

to no relation to Browning's position as poet. But had these critical opinions been put forth with the momentum of an Arnold's reputation behind them they could not have been more dogmatic. "This is the true light, as a matter of fact" writes Mr. Chesterton. When he is not dogmatic he insists on explaining things in the idiom commonly used in instructing infants. "Now Browning" we are told "had opinions as he had a dress suit or a vote for Parliament. He did not hesitate to express those opinions any more than he would have hesitated to fire off a gun or open an umbrella, if he had possessed those articles and realised their value". This plethora of conversational illustration has its parallel in the critic's use of epithets. One of the critics is said to have given "an excellent and perfect definition" of the poet, adjectives singularly empty of content for critical use; and many of the epigrams, made more for sound than sense, have the same vice. To say for example that Browning "goes mad for the loss of sanity" is just stark nonsense. This way too leads to confusion of thought and to contradiction. The critics, whom Mr. Chesterton is too fond of attacking, have generally accused Browning of want of form. In order to defend him Mr. Chesterton, though he writes admirably on Browning's purposed use of ruggedness, quotes the great number of new metres and structures which Browning invented. But forms are a very different thing from form. No one has denied Browning's metrical inventiveness or, it may be, asserted Tennyson's; but that Tennyson as a master of form was superior to Browning remains unquestioned. Almost the greatest perfection of form in English poetry is to be found in Rossetti's sonnets, one of the forms most worn and possessed of the longest heritage.

There is too much for everyone to admire in Browning to make it worth while to tilt with the superficial critics. Mr. Sharp might have been left alone, the more so as Mrs. Sutherland Orr has dealt with him. It is more the function of a critic to erect signposts to the essential beauties than to defend occasional ugliness. Browning's imagination was, if it may be so put, more than creative: it was recreative. Professor Tyndall, the apostle of "historical imagination", was once twitted in an admirable parody with the ambition to deduce the heavens from a reflection in the eye of a basilisk. It is Browning's claim to pre-eminence that he would deduce the spirit of an age from a Latin tag or the tragedy of a painter's life from an elbow. The most insignificant men of the past become again incarnate in his mind. Their tale is retold with a zest and truth of imagination that come only of genius. But Browning's gift goes further than this. In spite of historic accuracy, in spite of an actor's gift for losing himself in the person he represents, Browning lets out the force and knowledge and character of himself the poet; the creator is manifest in the recreated thing. The midnight escapade of a painter gathers about it as it moves the experience of the ages and proclaims the virile sympathies of its English teller, the middle-class poet of Camberwell. So we find the kernel of Browning not in the love poems, not in the dramas, as such; not in the long narratives or in the grotesque experiments, but in "Men and Women" and in the great work in which this recreative imagination culminates, "The Ring and the Book". Only once or twice, in "The Epilogue", in "Prospice" has Browning expressed his own philosophy as his own, speaking in his proper person, but the giant hope of the Epilogue

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,

Never doubted clouds would break "

and the burly confidence of "Prospice"

"Sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end "

may be deduced from Fra Lippo Lippi's "Zooks" and the "serviceable suit of black" on the back of Jacynth's cribbage-playing master.

Our quarrel with Mr. Chesterton is that he has let the unessential part of Browning, which better lent itself as text for essay and epigram, overmaster thought of the "infinite passion" of the man. The disappointment is the greater as he proves to the hilt his capacity

for doing what from love of his own defects he has failed to do; and a great deal of his management of the narrative of the life is clever, original and suggestive. We should not have thought it a bad book if it had not come so near being a good book. What promise for example was there in this one pregnant epigram: "Robert Browning was one of those who achieve the reputation, in the literal sense, of eccentricity by their frantic efforts to reach the centre." In this there is a thought as well as a pun; a judgment on Browning, not only a conceited epigram about nothing in particular.

TWO NOBLE DAMES.

"Isabella d'Este, Marchioness of Mantua, 1474-1539."

By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). London: Murray. 1903. 25s. net.

"Beatrice d'Este, Duchess of Milan, 1475-1497." By

Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). New and Cheap Edition. London: Dent. 1903. 7s. 6d.

A REPUTATION great enough to invite analysis is a questionable gift of fortune. For a woman it is especially perilous; since one may be sure that the impression which she made on her contemporaries was produced largely by qualities of person which are not to be called back to earth by any wizardry. Who will attempt a life of Fiammetta? How shall any one describe what it was that happened to Boccaccio when she shot that glance into his eyes one Holy Thursday long ago in the church of San Lorenzo? No, the essence of a woman's life dies with her. The personality, the subtle grace which even in life was elusive, can by no means be recaptured after death, and the attempt to show it to a later generation ends in disillusion such as fell on the Calender in the "Arabian Nights" when he flung open the drawer where he had placed his golden pieces and found nothing but dry leaves.

The fame of two sisters of the d'Este family, Beatrice, wife of that superb scoundrel Lodovico Sforza, and Isabella, consort of the Marquis of Mantua, whose heedless gallantry snatched from Italy the victory at Fornovo, has inspired Mrs. Ady with the desire to write their lives. Her volume on Beatrice was issued some four years ago (reviewed in the SATURDAY 21 April, 1900) and is now republished as a companion volume to the later work. Both are written with dexterity and grace. Mrs. Ady has acquainted herself fully with the works of Luzio and Renier; and if her judgments on historical questions are less sound than upon æsthetic ones, if pageants are more to her than policies, she is in that respect in no worse position than her two heroines, who appear to have understood nothing of the great drama which opened when the first French lances gleamed upon the passes of the Alps.

Both works, however, pleasant as they are, lead to inevitable questionings. Here are two ladies born to greatness and by universal judgment of their contemporaries gracing it so far that it was difficult to write soberly about them. Something must be allowed, perhaps, for the extravagance of courtly language; for the language of Bembo and the rest, if sincere, was certainly not simple. Yet the d'Este princesses have left a higher fame than others who moved in the same courts, who were as beautiful, no less learned, and perhaps better women—such for example as the noble and unhappy Isabella of Arragon, Elizabeth Duchess of Urbino, Olympia Morata, or a dozen others who flourished in that age of rare deference to women. What were the qualities which won this fame? That is the question which one asks of the biographer of these two noble dames.

Mrs. Ady gives us only an imperfect answer. The Marchioness of Mantua, to speak the truth, figures poorly when contemplated in the fierce light here turned on her; nor is it possible to avoid a sharp feeling of contempt for a woman whose passion for collecting antiques led her to beg from Cæsar Borgia the precious marbles which he had plundered from the palace of her sister-in-law and dear friend at Urbino, and who refused to give them back when the Duke and Duchess came to their own again. The hard necessity of policy

may have compelled her to truckle to the terrible Borgia; but this act of greed was dictated by a mean heart. Again, the same ungenerous temper betrayed itself towards Mantegna, whose long life and noble art had brought him poverty and trouble. The old man had been a faithful servant of the Gonzaga house; and perhaps he thought that a great painter might hope for kindness at the hands of his marchioness, who was a connoisseur in art. He had one treasure left, a Faustina of antique marble,—“my dear Faustina” as he called it, rather pitifully—and he asked the Duchess to buy it for 100 ducats, that he might pay his pressing debts. But Isabella was busy. She was in fact commissioning a picture from Bellini, and had no time to think of the distress of the sick artist at her gates. When at last she remembered him, she tried to profit by his need, and charged her agent to beat him down to 60 ducats, if he could.

If Beatrice d'Este in her short life betrayed no such indication of a vain and selfish heart, it is yet true that nothing recorded of her shows her in a light surpassing other women of her age. A charming child flaunts wilfully among glittering pomps and ceremonies, while beneath her eyes great tragic movements unroll themselves of which she comprehends less than nothing. It is a picture not destitute of grace; but the question why high fame was bestowed on Beatrice remains unanswered.

And it is unanswerable. It is as futile to ask why one woman rather than another left a glowing picture of herself on the minds of bygone men as it is to inquire why one summer night is more delicious than the next. Argument on the subject is impossible. There is no proof wherewith to convince a doubter. The grace and glory of the thing have gone irrevocably whither no art of brush or pen can call them back. What remains for us to marvel over is unessential, the least part of the woman's life. Nothing has lasted but what contemporaries did not see, the poverty of thought, the moral blemishes which in life were veiled and hidden by abundant grace. The achievement of such women is to shower pleasure in their lives; and when the ground holds them it is better, yes and kinder, to write of them only as Ben Jonson did,

“ . . . If indeed she had a fault
Leave it buried in this vault ”.

FATHER DOLLING.

“The Life of Father Dolling.” By C. E. Osborne.
London: Arnold. 1903.

OF late we have been exercising ourselves in many ways over the questions, “How many people go to church?” “Why men do not go to church?” “Is Christianity played out?” These questions, which used to be reserved for the “silly season”, are now the subjects of scientific treatises such as Mr. Booth's “Life and Labour” or a census such as that of the “Daily News”. Father Dolling's Life goes far to corroborate some of the conclusions of Mr. Booth. In it we see where much of the fault lies, at least in regard to the failure of the Church of England. In it also we see that the statistician's observations of what is most successful in religion are true. For firstly Mr. Booth has told us much concerning the attitude of working people towards religion, that their peculiar moral temper, their insistence on “rights” rather than “duties”, their want of the spirit of humility and of penitence, their total inability to imagine a regenerate society of men made better off by being better men, that all this puts them out of harmony with the Church and the Church's methods and ideals. Now Robert Dolling had the insight to perceive all this and he laid his plans accordingly. He was for ever preaching a social religion, a Church that was meant to offer to men the means of realising a happy brotherly life here on earth. At the same time its aims were to be kept before the people as being purely spiritual. “Character” to Dolling was the only thing that mattered.

Sin must be attacked, whether in individuals by leading them to repentance, or in society by the bold unmasking of current hypocrisies in commercial or muni-

cipal life. But sin was to be done away not simply to ensure a happy life hereafter or an avoidance of punishment in hell: it was to be eradicated that the Kingdom of Heaven might presently appear. The Church was to Dolling the embodiment on earth of this Heavenly Society. It must be shown to exist in the eyes of men and all human beings, be they dukes or dustmen, parsons or actresses, public-school boys or street arabs, must feel that there in the Church is their proper home where they can live the highest and happiest earthly life. So the communicants, whom Dolling rightly looked upon as the cream of the Church, the representatives of religion, must be carefully trained. They must exhibit a life of love and worship. They must be brethren of each other and children of the One Father and live as such. Dolling's “social” work was not merely the provision of amusement to attract outsiders to church, it was rather the building up of the City of God on earth, the realisation of the family circle of the sons and daughters of God. Like S. Francis of Assisi he kept the “Lord's Table” in his clergy house. The rich sent him their money to supply the food, the rich and poor sat down to meat together with him. In the old days, when the present writer knew him first, at Maidman Street, Mile End, he began this life. All sorts of people found a home with “Brother Bob” and they felt as they shared his life that something of the old spirit of the early Church had revived when they were all of one mind and had all things in common. At S. Agatha's Landport the same thing continued in an extended form. But they were not only brethren, they were God's children. Hence there must be a bright and homely church. Its walls were inscribed with the names of the family, the baptized, the confirmed, the traveller, the faithful departed. There they met in intercession week by week. The “Father” offered up in simple language the needs of each. Nothing was too secular or too small to be mentioned in the presence of God. One was hungry and prayed for food, another was sorely tempted and asked for help, another had fallen and needed to be lifted up. Then at all times Christ must be the Centre of their love and adoration. He must be preached, He must be openly set forth in their midst as the Man acquainted with their grief, the sharer of their joy, or as the King of kings tender and majestic, hating sin and loving the sinner. All culminated in what Dolling called the “Mass”. But with all the splendour of Catholic ceremonial the Human was never lost. As Dolling proceeded round the church in gorgeous attire, amid clouds of incense he would not hesitate to shake hands with an old friend in passing, or even, if we may believe his biographer, to box the ears of a too obtrusive ritualistic boy. Every word and gesture, every ceremony was understood of the people. They were at the King's court but they were also in their Father's home. The greatest tribute to the worth of Dolling's parish work is the fact that after the catastrophe at Landport when, largely as we think through his own fault, the whole parochial apparatus was for the time upset, the spiritual energy of the people remained as vigorous as ever. The methods in vogue now at S. Agatha's are somewhat different from those of Dolling, but though it is more than six years since he left the genius of the place still lives.

But though the three parishes or districts in which he worked were successfully managed it was not really as a parish priest that Dolling shone. His “Life” would probably never have been written had he had merely a parochial reputation. He was one of the few parish clergy—would there were more of them!—who had a broad outlook beyond the confines of his own district and even beyond the limits of the Church. The parochial system with all its good points does tend to make the hard-worked vicar narrow-minded. He simply has not the time to look outside. A certain number by neglecting their immediate duties do widen the sphere of their interests. Dolling almost alone of the clergy could be broad without committing this neglect. He could have his eye on the life of the parish, of the Church and of the nation at the same time. He never became absorbed by any one of these interests. He could write excellent articles about the ever-recurring crises in the Church, pointing out where

the real trouble lay, namely in the indifference of the masses and in the stiffness and inelasticity of the Prayer-Book: he could enter into the thick of political controversy and yet retain his tender individual love for each of his spiritual children, dealing with each case as if it were the only matter in the world about which he cared. This capacity of caring for the lost and helpless naturally made him much sought after by people from all parts. The Bishop of London was right when at his funeral he remarked that when everyone else had despaired of a man it was always said "Dolling will take him". It is however a pity that the Bishops and others did not recognise this until Dolling was dead. There can be little doubt that it was a great tactical mistake to have put him at St. Saviour's Poplar to begin at the age of fifty to toil in a huge, uninteresting parish, to collect money for repairing school drains. We might as well have put Lord Kitchener to look after an English garrison town at the height of the South African war. The Church of England authorities take very little pains to discover their best men and to place them where they will be most useful. Dolling would have done wonders among soldiers or sailors, among prisoners or orphans, inebriates or lost clergymen. What he did in the limited area of his clergy-house he could have done on a huge scale throughout the Church of England. He could have presided over an army of churchworkers of all sorts and directed spiritual operations on a scale never before attempted, except perhaps by St. Vincent de Paul. Now we have lost him the very best thing we can do as a Church is to learn from his life some such lessons as these—To make our churches more truly the homes of the people where the Christian social life of brotherhood and worship can be realised: to recognise more fully that there is good work to be done on non-parochial lines: to reflect upon the weak points in our present system, such as the stiffness of our services and the unintelligibility of some sermons: to pay greater attention to the placing of our men where they are most wanted and where they are likely to do well what wants doing. Mr. Osborne who has so faithfully drawn for us the portrait of Dolling as he knew him and who has collected from so many sources the opinions of the hundreds of persons who felt the magic influence of his person deserves our best thanks, not only because he has provided us with a few hours' good reading but because he has contributed some solid material for the edification of the whole Church.

A REAL HISTORY OF AMERICA.

"The Cambridge Modern History. Vol. VII. The United States." Cambridge: At the University Press. 1903. 16s. net.

THIS second instalment of the great work planned by Lord Acton is highly creditable to his successors. It gives us what we have never had before, a trustworthy and impartial sketch of American history. Many writers are responsible for the various sections but it would be difficult to name in any one case the historian who would have been more qualified for the task than the one selected. Considerations of space, even in so bulky a volume as this, must control the writer to a large extent, but there is little omitted that the reader could rightly expect to find, a fact which reflects quite as much credit on the editors as on the authors.

We can hardly suppose that would-be historians will be pleased with this work if there be any such left outside of the ranks of the meritorious but untrustworthy gentlemen or ladies who indite school histories for little Americans modelled on Bancroft. The heroes of the American Revolution like those of the French have by this time been ruthlessly pushed off their pedestals and recognised as very ordinary rebels. What is extraordinary is that men of ability should still be found to propagate the fables of Whiggery with regard to the fomenters of disaffection. We have them rightly judged here by Mr. Doyle. Samuel Adams, though personally disinterested, "in his political methods recalled an Italian politician of the age of Macchiavelli". He was supported by such hot-heads as James Warner, "irresponsible young men

with a passion for abstract theories". These leaders of the irreconcilables at Boston were the real authors of the Rebellion: they foresaw with satisfaction separation as not only its possible but probable outcome. This "resolute minority favoured by irritating conditions" really made all attempts at conciliation futile from the first. Washington's attitude is correctly discriminated by Mr. Doyle from that of these extremists; it was with him very much a matter of personal dignity, and he had been annoyed and worried during his career (especially as a colonial volunteer) by glaring specimens of official blundering and particularly offensive instances of contempt for colonials in general. British generals and their underlings did nothing to remove this feeling of irritation which grew and rankled, but had the malignant section bent on a quarrel been absent, peaceful counsels would undoubtedly have prevailed in the end. Franklin, who was a man of genius, was treated by the British Government with little tact and was probably thereby made a rebel, but his assertions, which have been treated by Whig historians as if they were original documents, have never convinced impartial minds that he was loyal himself at heart or truly represented the colonies as loyal. It must be remembered that Franklin, after the Stamp Act became law, actually consented to assist the British authorities to find a stamp-collector for Pennsylvania. Franklin was in fact as little scrupulous as Adams and the whole incident of the theft of Hutchinson's letters and the use made of them reflects little credit on him or his American allies. It is true there is little to be said on the other hand for the Privy Council or the Solicitor-General but no one has ventured to represent those gentlemen as immaculate or worthy of a patriot's worship.

The American Rebellion was not in short the work of saints and heroes but of practical men with a keen eye to business, and the home Government in dealing with them showed neither tact nor resource; but it often showed a keen desire for reconciliation and had it been met in the same spirit there need never have been a War of Independence at all. The real causes of the quarrel were far more due to the disappearance of the French danger after the Peace of Paris and impatience with the restrictions on their trade imposed by the British Government. Yet the right to impose restrictions was distinctly recognised by Franklin. On the other hand it is well to remember that even here the colonies had been by no means entirely the losers for they were secured in the possession of the home market. It is necessary, as an instance of the loose way in which historical analogies are made to do duty in political polemics, to find the loss of the American colonies quoted as a warning against the acceptance of proposals for preferential tariffs as if a scheme voluntarily accepted or proposed by a self-governing community could have anything in common with regulations imposed by the Parliament of the mother country upon the colonies without their consent. Yet such is the stuff of which political controversy is too frequently composed.

At the present time English readers of this work will probably turn to the chapter on the "Economic Development of the United States" which has fallen into the highly competent hands of Mr. Emery, Professor of Political Economy at Yale. The difficulty of citing American experiences as a guide for ourselves is not lessened by the fact that the growth of American commerce and industry has taken place among a "civilised race transplanted to a vast territory endowed with extraordinary resources". This does not of course, as some would have us believe, relieve us at once from considering American development and its lessons but it should at least moderate the zeal of those who are for arguing from the United States to Europe. One simple fact shows this. During the prolonged struggle of the Civil War one of the most destructive known to modern history (both in regard to human life and commerce) the Northern States of the Union grew both in population and industrial power. More than one-tenth of the population of those states had enlisted and yet, during the five years, their population increased by 3 million and 4½ million acres of public land were occupied by new settlers. Such a condition of things would be impossible in a European country nor would

it be possible in the Old World for an army of one million men to be disbanded and settle down peaceably and with comparative ease to the occupations of civil life.

The writer wisely lays stress on this point, generally ignored by controversialists, that the home trade of the United States is 90 per cent. of the total trade of the country. We should have put it even higher but it is a fact to be remembered by those who think on the one hand that we are risking American friendship if we discriminate against their corn, and on the other by their opponents who believe that America will prove highly amenable in order to preserve her trade with us. The truth is that the prosperity of her farmers depends far less on what they send to us than on what they sell at home and with regard to all American productions, the extent of home trade may be gauged from the fact that the total tonnage of the vessels passing the Sault Ste. Marie between Lakes Superior and Michigan was as great in 1901 as the total tonnage from all foreign countries entered at American ports. The growth of trusts is a problem which cannot yet be treated as historical but the general tendency towards reciprocity is rapidly becoming a fact to be reckoned with by politicians in America which will not cause any alarm to tariff reformers in Great Britain.

In the chapter on "The American Intellect" by Mr. Wendell of Harvard much is mere outline owing to restrictions of space but there are certain valuable and suggestive reflections. It is indeed too often forgotten that the colonies did not by any means grow in ideas on parallel lines with the mother country up to the end of the eighteenth century, "the origin of the characteristics of modern America is to be sought in Elizabethan England". The author develops this theme with considerable skill. The changes of feeling were in England rather than in the United States. But America is no longer New England nor governed by that State and we have to face problems created by the colluvies gentium which now occupies the Continent. Mr. Wendell judiciously points out that education has become a national fetish in the United States but that this superstitious devotion requires enlightening and directing. The gifts of Rockefellers and their like will be of little use until these golden streams are led into proper channels. On the right use of these funds depends the future of the American people. The money devoted in the Middle Ages to religious institutions served the nations by elevating men's ideals of life and inculcating discipline of character. The modern educationalist, who turns the money at his disposal to similar ends, if by other means, will serve his country best. The United States is not the country which needs such education least.

We could have wished that greater space had been devoted to the growth of the power of legal institutions in the United States. We have discovered only two allusions to the great builder of American law, John Marshall. Surely the development of the powers of the Supreme Court is one of the most instructive and interesting facts in American history, and the problem as to whether or not it has now reached its limits with the appearance of the United States as a World Power well worthy of treatment in a work of this nature. We think that (though there is no undue excess of narrative here) some pages which are purely a chronicle of party struggles might have been sacrificed to make room for comments on a matter of enduring attraction to all students of constitutional practice. This appears to us the only blemish in the otherwise admirable arrangement of this work. Mr. Wendell, it is true, gives us three pages of brilliant generalisation, and there are some brief references in the text to legal decisions that had a national bearing, though the absence of a fuller and more comprehensive analysis destroys the balance of the whole. But some defect in the parts must always exist in a work which aspires to be a universal history of modern times. The bibliography is by no means the least useful portion of this volume and is a monument of industry. Those who have any acquaintance with the enormous amount of work done by Americans in the field of their own history will be the first to recognise its value to the student.

NAPOLÉON AND GERMANY.

"Studies in Napoleonic Statesmanship—Germany." By Herbert A. L. Fisher. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1903. 12s. 6d. net.

THIS is one of the most interesting books which has been written in English about Napoleon. It is an attempt to treat the government of Napoleon from the positive point of view, and to explain why it received so much support from the most enlightened men of the time. To judge Napoleon fairly we must begin with the Consulate. The conquest of the Republic and the Directory were not his work, however much he may have aided in them. The French Revolution had introduced new principles of government into the world, and the great administrator had to deal with a system which, if not destroyed, had been shaken to its foundations. He could not restore the old: it was necessary to build up a new fabric. His success in this may be estimated by what followed upon his fall. The history of Europe from 1815 to 1830 is one of the most disastrous and humiliating periods in her annals. The spirit of anti-Napoleonism which led the Holy Alliance to burn what he had adored, to worship what he had overthrown, is the clearest testimony not only to the penetration of his genius, but to the beneficence of his political activity.

Mr. Fisher has a keen appreciation of the condition of Germany before the advent of the new era. It was subject to a militarism, unintelligent, oppressive and all-pervading. There was little room for patriotism. It was governed by a slow and timid bureaucracy, and instructed by an enslaved press. The estates were aristocratic in character, incompetent to inaugurate reform or to repress abuse. They were obsolete instruments of reaction. With these unpromising materials Napoleon had to deal. When it became his duty to reconstruct Germany after the peace of Lunéville he was amply seconded by the greed and servility of the German princes. Mr. Fisher calls it the most degrading page in the history of Germany. He says, "The base obsequiousness of the German envoys was only equalled by the timorous greed of their impatient masters. The house of Talleyrand became the mart in which so many square miles, peopled by so many souls, could be acquired for so many snuffboxes, and so many francs, and so many attentions to Madame Talleyrand's poodle". The mediæval constitution of Germany fell as it deserved to fall; ecclesiastical Governments were very properly abolished. Prussia was strengthened, Bavaria became a compact and united State, and was now able to enter upon a career of energetic and enlightened rule: Baden, Württemberg and Hesse Cassel became Electorates, and it was only natural that these new principalities should look henceforth not to Austria who had betrayed them, but to France who had created them. If Bonaparte inspired these changes he deserves credit for his work.

Anyone who reads the narrative of the execution of the Duc d'Enghien in Mr. Fisher's pages must come to the conclusion that Napoleon had much justification for his action, and that it was entirely successful. A plot, the object of which was the murder of the First Consul, and the disorganisation of France, which received the sanction of the Comte d'Artois and a subsidy from the English Government, was crushed once for all. No Bourbon henceforth dared to meddle with the master who was determined to maintain the throne which had been entrusted to him. If international law was violated because the Government of Baden was too weak to maintain a proper police supervision, Baden did not object to having it done for her. Napoleon said with justice "It was for the sovereign of Baden alone to complain and he has not done so". He also asserted that the Elector had been warned and that the arrest had his assent.

Mr. Fisher devotes much space to the kingdom of Westphalia. Jerome was certainly not an ideal sovereign. But there were many reasons why Napoleon should have preferred a somewhat incompetent brother to a marshal who might turn out a traitor. The example of Bernadotte does not support the view of those who would have preferred the eleva-

tion of a Soult or a Marmont. If a German prince had been elevated to the new kingdom, the complaint of French interference would have been better founded. If Jerome was incompetent, his ministers were excellent. Mr. Fisher tells us that Beugnot, Siméon and Jollivet were admirably qualified for the task of organising the new kingdom. He says that of the second it is impossible to speak too highly. "He was an urbane and dignified old jurist, of great tact and discernment, and thoroughly penetrated with the French administrative spirit." Johann von Müller, the historian of Switzerland, became Secretary of State. It was soon found that all the talents of the country rallied round the new monarchy. It was Napoleon's object to establish a constitutional kingdom in Westphalia, as a model to the rest of Germany. He cared more for the carrying out of this idea than for the greatest victories. "What people" he said, "would wish to revert to Prussian despotism when it has once tasted the benefits of a wise and liberal government?" It is true that these aspirations ended in disastrous failure, and the reason of this was the war which, supported by the diplomacy and the subsidies of England was waged against the Napoleonic Empire. No reader of Mr. Fisher's book can reject the conclusion that Napoleon brought into the miasma of mediæval Germany a fresh and invigorating breeze, and that the spirit of national unity which eventually destroyed it owed its origin to the very forces against which in the end it successfully contended.

A SUBMARINE SCRAPBOOK.

"Submarine Navigation." By A. H. Burgoyne. 2 vols. London: Richards. 1903. 31s. 6d. net.

ONE HUNDRED years ago Robert Fulton was endeavouring to induce the French Government to adopt his submarine boat—the "Nautilus"—which appears to have been a practical craft and to have blown up several old hulks. The Minister of the Marine however refused to have anything to do with the invention of the daring American mainly because he considered under-water fighting to be immoral and contrary to the laws of civilised warfare. The year 1888 saw the launch of the "Gymnote"—the first submarine built for the French navy and the precursor of a long line of similar vessels.

France to-day possesses more diving torpedo-boats than any other nation and almost all the books on this mode of warfare are from the pens either of officers of the French navy or of French engineers. There must be quite a dozen works devoted solely to submarines in the French language; these are for the most part exceedingly well illustrated and being published in paper covers can be sold at a low price. Owing to the fact that the English publisher does not look with favour on this style of binding the student in this country has to pay much more for technical works than he would did he live in Germany or France.

Until the publication of Mr. Alan H. Burgoyne's two massive volumes, of nearly 700 pages, there existed only two books in the English language dealing exclusively with submarine boats and one of these was written some years ago by a lieutenant of the Danish navy. The ordering by the British Government in 1900 of five submarine vessels of the type invented by Mr. J. P. Holland aroused considerable interest in this country in this type of craft. The Navy Estimates of 1902 and 1903 provided for fourteen further vessels but owing to the great secrecy preserved respecting their trials the public is in the dark as to the capabilities of the newer craft which are believed to be a considerable improvement on the earlier variety.

It has been said that there is no better combination than a "critical enthusiast". Mr. Burgoyne is enthusiastic enough over his subject but he lacks the critical faculty. The result is that he has produced a work which should be termed "Materials for a History of Submarine Navigation". The author has devoured practically everything relating to his subject. He begins with Aristotle and gives lengthy details respecting not only submarines that have actually been constructed but also those that have existed only in the minds of their designers. The history of the submarine

which occupies some 500 pages could well have been told in half the space for a large number of the designs have little or no interest at the present time and no purpose is served by reprinting ancient and forgotten Patent Office specifications.

Part V., containing no less than 158 pages is devoted to the boats invented by Mr. John P. Holland. For the most part it consists of long extracts from the proceedings of various committees appointed several years ago to report on these boats. This section could easily have been compressed into thirty pages. Part VI. deals with the theory of the submarine boat and the author thinks it necessary to give his readers histories of explosives; of various obsolete torpedoes, and of the different types of torpedo craft possessed by the chief naval Powers. In these days of *Encyclopædia Britannica* and "Daily Mail" Year Books such details are quite unnecessary in a book dealing with submarine navigation. Part VII., numbering 100 odd pages, we could well have dispensed with. In it Mr. Burgoyne reprints a number of stale magazine and newspaper articles, dishes up ancient matter from "Chambers' Journal" and "Harper's Magazine", and incorporates extracts from the "Leicester Post" and the "Rangoon Gazette". It is true that there are short original contributions from Admiral Sir J. Hopkins and Rear-Admiral S. Eardley-Wilmot but there is really nothing new or weighty in their opinions.

The fact is that Mr. Burgoyne—full of youthful enthusiasm—has been incapable of keeping his scissors off any printed matter in any way relating to his subject. He has published his scrap-book in two large volumes which we fear will appeal neither to the expert nor to the lay reader who wishes to keep abreast with scientific progress. A capable literary craftsman would have from these materials produced a single volume which would have given the technical man all he required about the history of submarines and their mechanism, and would also have satisfied the requirements of those who do not wish to go very deeply into the subject. This is an age of ceaseless scribbling, and our bookshelves groan under the weight of bulky tomes, the offspring of scribblers who are unable to digest their facts and who understand not the art of compression and selection. Public libraries are now common in big towns, but those who patronise them seldom take out works dealing with the various branches of science, invention and discovery, mainly because so few authors have learnt the art of serving up scientific facts in a palatable form, or of discussing technical matters in a manner that will attract the non-technical mind. One could wish that the production of such volumes might be entrusted to certain skilled writers who following in the footsteps of Tyndall, Huxley, Proctor or Humboldt would produce books which by their literary charm and skilful arrangement would appeal to the great reading public.

As to the future of the submarine boat it is too early yet to make any very decided statement. At the present moment it is being tried in the balance. Its exploits during French naval manoeuvres have delighted our neighbours across the Channel but have shed little light on its real value in warfare. There is little doubt that the newest Vickers-Admiralty type are the best specimens afloat and are superior to the French and American vessels. Just as the earliest torpedo and the first torpedo craft were infinitely inferior to the "Whiteheads" and destroyers of to-day, so we may expect the submarines of twenty years hence to be greatly superior fighting machines as compared with the boats now figuring in the Navy List. During daylight the surface torpedo vessel has little chance of sending an ironclad to the bottom; a boat however capable of running "awash", i.e., with only her conning tower above water, and of disappearing entirely from sight when required, would stand a very good chance of torpedoing a monster battleship in the light of day. There is certainly great room for improvement in the diving torpedo boat; its speed on the surface and below must be increased; its power of vision must be augmented; its radius of action enlarged and its seaworthy properties improved before it can be considered a really formidable weapon of naval warfare. Inventive brains are now at work devising means of developing the

mechanism of the underwater boat; and if rumour may be trusted the new British vessels are quite capable of acting with a fleet and of doing considerable damage to the enemy's ships. Of course the moral influence of a craft navigating beneath the waves is by no means the least valuable of its assets, and at present one cannot see how a really effective antidote to it is to be found.

As to the morality of weapons of under-water warfare it is recognised by all except the most rabid of "Hague enthusiasts" that the really humane course is to make war as deadly as possible, and to get it over in the shortest possible time. As to the commercial importance of the submarine boat it is to be noted that already such craft are being used for wrecking purposes, in the coral, sponge, pearl and similar industries. Mr. Simon Lake's "Argonaut" and Signor Pino's vessel are instances of the peaceful uses to which the submarine may be put. That the under-water boat will play an important part in ocean travel seems doubtful, though habitual sufferers from sea sickness would welcome a liner which would plough its way beneath the sphere of the influence of the waves.

Once and once only has a submarine boat sunk a hostile vessel in actual warfare. Mr. Burgoyne mentions the incident which occurred during the American Civil War. He tells us that the boat was named the "David". Mr. W. A. Alexander, however, in the current number of "Munsey's Magazine" says that the name of the Confederate boat which sent the "Housatonic" to the bottom was the "Hunley". Mr. Alexander was the sole survivor of the four crews of eight men each which manned her at various times. His escape he owed to an accident which prevented him from accompanying the boat on the last occasion. That many sailors will lose their lives in submarines when the "real thing" takes place seems inevitable.

NOVELS.

"The House on the Sands." By Charles Marriott. London: Lane. 1903. 6s.

Mr. Marriott is clever, but too intentionally and consciously so in a violent and explosive way. He irritates, even when he convinces. In "The House on the Sands" he does not always convince. The platonic relationship between Lanyon and Audrey Thurston is improbable, and unnecessarily tragic in its results. We know that Lanyon is a bore, but we are not prepared for his becoming a lunatic. He is described quite seriously by another character in the book as having "reached a position of detachment from human affairs, which reminds one of Tolstoi; indeed he goes further than Tolstoi; he seems incapable even of indignation". In the end he is "capable of indignation" to the extent of murder. Sir Peter Lawrence is a most incredible and clumsy villain, and the ladies in the story rather chilling and uninteresting in spite of their almost masculine intelligence. Godfrey Julian, the hero, is a somewhat crude and naïve politician, presented to us in all good faith as "a great man". His "Imperial Shipping Bill" is an enthusiastic appeal to the nation to strengthen its Imperialism by the state control of certain shipping lines. It is a somewhat Utopian scheme, the advantages of which he claims to be "the reorganisation of naval reserve, stimulus to emigration, and automatic settlement of tariff questions". Though the idea is in some of its aspects commendable and even practicable, the working of it would need deeper consideration than the vague suggestions thrown out by the wonderful Julian. It is doubtful whether the Government would gain financially by the responsibility of this very costly enterprise of shipping. Nor is it clear how tariff questions are to be aided by the mere control of merchant vessels; while the cost of providing emigrant transport would be greater than that of the present arrangement.

"His Heart's Desire: a Romance." By Katharine S. Macquoid. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1903. 6s.

The unchronicled beginnings of great careers have a natural attraction for the novelist. It would be hard nowadays to get a hearing (except from a theatre

audience) for a psychological novel on the matured Julius Cæsar, or Richelieu, or Disraeli. The facts are common property, and those who are interested by them will resent the novelist's explanatory patter. But to catch your hero young, when no one noted his coming greatness, to show how he climbed the first rungs, or to demonstrate how in the unrecorded years he had nursed the qualities that led him to success—this is an ambition fascinating, legitimate—and hopeless. Mrs. Macquoid "believes the evolution of Richelieu's character from early youth will be new to most readers". Why, yes. But will her version of it commend itself as true? Her work is most conscientious, she has read, has pondered, has caught the spirit of the period. But to pin out butterflywise the spirit of a political sphinx is a harder matter. Her Armand du Plessis is a careful portrait: but a novelist can only at best read into the undeveloped youth, the aspirant who, in his contemporaries' judgment, might fail or might succeed, the traits noted by study of the finished statesman's recorded actions and words. The problem in one form or other defeats most biographers. The young Louis XIII. and his mother Marie de Médicis are handled with more success than is Richelieu himself: naturally, for Mrs. Macquoid is not seeking to describe the evolution of their characters, but merely the effect which they produce on a spectator. The conflicts of love and ambition, generosity and revenge are minutely studied; but they somehow do not account for the real Richelieu. And the novelist refuses the stiffest fence: having led Richelieu to a seemingly decisive rebuff, she skips several years and reintroduces him at the summit of power. How and why did he arrive? We have read (with enjoyment) "His Heart's Desire", but we do not know.

"The Washingtonians." By Pauline Bradford Mackie. London: Bell. 1903. 6s.

The writer of this novel has a genuine feeling for literature. In thought, expression and style it stands out distinctly as a thing apart from the volumes of fiction which pour from the press. To come upon it suddenly, after a surfeit of popular novels, is like a cooling draught to the fevered soul. Here are order and orderliness of mind, thought, grace and sympathy. The writer has a story to tell and tells it with dignity and self-control and with some knowledge of her medium. It is a pity, therefore, that the habit of piling up adjectives, which seems to offer irresistible attractions to women writers, should have possession of her. Strength is not to be obtained that way. Too many adjectives are not only ineffective as producing a blurred result, but have an irritating effect on the reader. With this exception we have nothing but praise for "The Washingtonians" which is a book not merely for a library list, to be read and returned, but deserving an honoured place on the bookshelf.

"The Burden of Her Youth." By L. T. Meade. London: Long. 1903. 6s.

Mrs. Meade wields a practical pen and turns out her "copy" with fatal facility. This story bears the mark of the "machine-made" plainly upon it. Probably written for production in serial form in one of the women's papers, both construction and composition are careless. The sordid description of the life of a number of girls in one of those huge barrack-kind of "settlements" that exist, we are told, in various parts of London for "young ladies" engaged in business is neither edifying nor particularly interesting. Mrs. Meade does not often fail as a story-teller, but "The Burden of Her Youth" is a colourless production which certainly does not add to her reputation as a prolific purveyor of what is called "high-class" fiction.

"Blue Blood and Red." By Lucy Ellen Wadsley. London: Elliot Stock. 1903. 6s.

The favourite trick of the writer of novelettes is to make blue blood fall in love with red much to the disturbance of all concerned, and such seems to have been the inspiring motive of this volume. Miss Wadsley, however, repented her before the close and so the simple farming family from Bothorpe turn out heirs to the Earldom of Kintare while Mr. Douglas the doctor—bitterly scorned by Euder de Mandeville the proud land-

owner—is descended from the Black Douglas and only by chance dispossessed of large estates. It is appalling to think of the accumulation of this kind of wordy, unnatural fiction going on from year to year, to the extravagant waste of time on the part of writers and of such readers as they may obtain.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The American Advance." By Edmund J. Carpenter. London and New York: John Lane. 1903. 10s. 6d. net.

In this work the author sketches the territorial expansion of the United States since the original formation of the Union. His book may be recommended as a clear and (on the whole) fair-minded statement of the facts in each case; but the reader will be disappointed who expects to find in Mr. Carpenter anything more than a chronicler. He must be satisfied to receive him as a careful and not too prejudiced one. He does not justify the disgraceful proceedings of President Polk and the party which brought about war with Mexico in 1846 and the immense annexations which followed. With regard to the Oregon dispute, he clearly shows that the apathy of the United States Government was all along quite as great as that of our own. It may be some satisfaction to Englishmen who are ready enough to criticise the supineness of their own Foreign Office to know that our rivals find in its policy the signs of a far-seeing Machiavellian astuteness. Certainly, had we consented to surrender the territory which is now British Columbia to Yankee threats our Government of the day would have sacrificed much that will probably go to make up the greatness of our Empire; they would without doubt have sacrificed the future of Canada. Fortunately we were not quite so blind as to do that. We may perhaps be thankful that the American views of the day were narrow and provincial. Mr. Carpenter recognises the immense strength of our military and naval position on the American Continent; the facility with which we surrender at request to American exigence often leads us to believe that our statesmen do not.

"Essays, Historical and Literary." In two vols. By John Fiske. New York: The Macmillan Company; London: Macmillan. 1902. 17s. net.

Of the two volumes containing these essays the first is far more valuable than the second. It contains lectures addressed to American audiences, critical sketches of statesmen who moulded the history of the United States during the first fifty years of their history. So enlightened and philosophical a thinker as the late Mr. Fiske has long been needed to treat early American history, too much the sport of writers who have been neither. It is deeply to be regretted that his death has prevented the fulfilment of a design to write a "History of the American People". However, the sketches which we have in this volume are to be strongly recommended to all readers who wish to form an unprejudiced judgment on historical characters such as Hamilton, Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, Tyler and Daniel Webster of whom most people know little and know that little wrong. The historical essays in the second volume are again decidedly more valuable than the others, the "Boston Tea-Party" contains a reasonable and moderate defence of American rebellion, but the "Fall of New France" is elementary. Such papers as "Reminiscences of Huxley" and "John Tyndall", while they were no doubt of ephemeral interest as magazine articles, are hardly worthy of preservation among the writings of a distinguished thinker. These papers too show a curious priggishness, not uncommon among scientific writers, which exhibits itself in a contemptuous estimate of the opponent's position, due probably to incapacity to understand it. This contrasts strangely with Mr. Fiske's liberal attitude in all historical controversies. There his views, even when we think them mistaken, are clearly never due to prejudice or impatience with the other side.

"The Philosophy of Auguste Comte." By L. Levy-Bruhl. Authorised Translation with an Introduction by Frederic Harrison. London: Swan Sonnenschein. 1903. 10s. 6d.

The original of this learned work of Professor Levy-Bruhl was published in 1900, and the translation by Mrs. Kathleen De Beaumont-Klein is made with the authority of the writer and has the recommendation of Mr. Frederic Harrison who adds an Introductory Essay reprinted from the "Speaker" for which it was written when the French work appeared. M. Levy-Bruhl writes from the point of view of a student of philosophy, and Mr. Harrison describes him as though not an adherent of Comte yet a most sympathetic and discerning master of the Positive system. This is a testimony which will be of much assistance to those who would be introduced to Comte with the feeling that they are listening to an exponent whose competence is recognised by Positivists—which cannot always be relied upon. It must be noted however that the book is concerned only with the Cours de Philosophie Positive, and does not include the formal explanation of the Politique Positive, which contained the social reorganisation erected by Comte as practical conclusions from his Philosophie. On this distinction which separates so widely the Semi-Comtists from

those of the inner circle M. Levy-Bruhl has an interesting discussion in his own Introduction to the work. Comte's philosophy constitutes for him the most original part of the philosopher's work and its most fruitful and living part. With Comte it has been as with other great thinkers that his speculative efforts for the purpose of establishing practical conclusions have been of more enduring interest than those conclusions themselves.

"The Works of Charles Lamb." Edited by William Macdonald. Vol. III. Critical Essays. London: Dent. 1903. 3s. 6d.

In this third volume of his edition Mr. Macdonald in a very interesting preface explains the principles on which he has included under the general head of criticism the pieces to be found in this volume and excluded other pieces which will be found under the head of "Essays and Sketches" in the succeeding volume. Or rather with characteristic brusqueness he says he must wait till then to say why the things to be found there will be found there. We must say that Mr. Macdonald's discrimination is likely enough to be right; and certainly it is intelligible that in this volume which had to be illustrated with reproductions of old paintings of historic theatrical scenes and actors, and with portraits of actual persons such as the beautiful one of charming Fanny Kelly, it would have been incongruous to have had intermixed with them the fancy sketches of Mr. Brock. In reference to the publication by Mr. Hollingshead last August in "Harper's Magazine" of a letter of Lamb's containing a proposal of marriage to Miss Kelly, Mr. Macdonald gives the history of his discovery, before he knew of the letter, in Lamb's theatrical essays on Miss Kelly's acting, indications that they were in fact autobiographical and had embodied his conclusions in notes which now appear to these theatrical pieces. We quite appreciate Mr. Macdonald's complacency over his trouvaille: and hope he will not find himself entangled in any controversy about the originality of it.

"The Town: its Memorable Characters and Events from St. Paul's to St. James's." By Leigh Hunt. 1s. 9d. net.

This is a reprint of the edition of 1848 with the essential illustrations and an index of persons and places.—"The Plays of Sheridan". 1s. 3d. net. The text founded on Moore's edition of 1821 with references to later editions.—"A Rogue's Life." By Wilkie Collins. 8d. net. A reprint of the story which appeared in "Household Words" in 1856.—All the above are issued by the Unit Library and well-printed and handy little volumes worth reading.

The Fireside Dickens: "Bleak House" and "Little Dorrit." London: Chapman and Hall. 1903. 2s. each net.

These are the latest volumes of this handsome edition.

The World's Classics: "Tristram Shandy": "The Poems of Robert Herrick": Buckle's "History of Civilisation."

Three of Mr. Grant Richards' well-known reprints of famous books in this series.

THEOLOGY.

"Youth and Duty: Sermons to Harrow Schoolboys." By J. E. C. Welldon. London: Religious Tract Society. 1903. 3s. 6d.

Dr. Welldon as a preacher to schoolboys has set before himself a very modest aim. He has not made his pulpit a part of their intellectual training. No effort is required to follow the course of his thought; in fact, so clear and interesting is he that it must have been hard not to listen. But we may wonder whether his older and abler pupils have not suffered. There is little or nothing to evoke talent or to stimulate honourable ambition. The whole seems to be addressed to boys of fourteen or fifteen. There are elementary virtues to be attained, elementary vices to be resisted; it is an honour to belong to Harrow School and many of them will not need to work for their living. Dr. Welldon, so far as his sermons show his wishes, would be content to send amenable passmen to the University and plucky subalterns into the Army. And through all his robust exhortation a plaintive note runs. It is saddening that so experienced a master should deem it necessary to devote a large share of his eloquence to those dangers which Moberly said should always be in a teacher's mind but never on his tongue, and that he should foresee the probable downfall of a perceptible number of his pupils. They might have been safer if they could have been braced by a keener intellectual life. The preface tells us that the volume is an inadequate witness to Dr. Welldon's religious teaching. It was not consistent with the dignity of his person and his office that he should allow his doctrine to be expurgated by an undenominational committee.

"Addresses on the Temptation." By E. L. Hicks. London: Macmillan. 1903. 3s.

These six sermons delivered by Canon Hicks in Manchester Cathedral were well worthy of publication. They are admirable in their insight into the meaning of the sacred narrative and their vigorous moral teaching. There is much in them that is new, or at least presented in a novel manner, and nothing that is commonplace. Canon Hicks is a scholar in the

(Continued on page 372.)

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fullest sense, and with a scholar's instinct has concealed the extent of his knowledge and the severity of his thought by a studied simplicity of diction. Gracefully as he writes and well as his words are fitted to his thoughts, an ampler style might have been better suited to the broad spaces of a cathedral.

"A New Earth." By J. Adderley. London: Brown, Langham and Company. 1903. 3s. 6d.

The series to which this volume belongs is styled "The World's Pulpit". The great preachers have not adorned their sermons with so sounding a title; and we might have expected that lesser divines, when they succumbed to the flattery of being advertised in such a fashion, would strive to cut their best figure before so impressive an audience. Mr. Adderley has been content to throw together a slipshod compilation of "Sermons addresses and lectures", carelessly written for unspecified occasions and sometimes hardly intelligible to those who have forgotten, if they ever knew, the phase of ephemeral controversy to which allusion is made. A few strange lapses from good taste make it evident that he forgot to revise his old sermons before sending them to the press. It is a pity, for the volume contains a considerable body of sound doctrine and many sad truths which deserved to be set before the world with more force than Mr. Adderley has troubled to exert. He ought to have taken himself and the world which he claims to address more seriously.

"Studies in Theology." By J. E. Carpenter and P. H. Wicksteed. London: Dent. 1903. 5s. net.

The Unitarianism with which Maurice reasoned in his "Kingdom of Christ", and which found its poetical expression in the hymn "Nearer, my God, to Thee", was a very definite form of belief, however undogmatic. Modern Unitarianism as expounded by the able authors of the present volume is engaged in studying religion from outside in all its phases, none of which, not even the Christian, differs otherwise than in degree of elevation from other cognate manifestations of the same human tendency. Examining all impartially from without, the writers have no experimental acquaintance with any as a motive force; and their very impartiality hoists them into that position of the superior person which is as fatal to the prospect of attaining knowledge as it is repugnant to the feelings of the average Englishman. Mr. Wicksteed, indeed, confesses that in one of its phases the Unitarianism of the day is to many minds indistinguishable from Agnosticism. Any serious-minded and unselfish citizen who prefers the newspaper at home to attendance at church might be enrolled in these accommodating ranks. But it is difficult to see why a religious organisation and theological colleges should be necessary. A society like that for Psychological Research would meet every requirement. These addresses, however, have been given for the most part at annual meetings and college assemblies of the usual nonconformist type, and in the latter case in defiance of the emphatic pronouncement of Harnack that for purposes of theological education every religious phenomenon that need be examined can be found in Christian history. Mr. Charles Booth in his study of religion in London has stated that a secession is going on from Unitarianism to Independency, and this book bears every sign of proceeding from a society in the last stage of dissolution. But it is written with great ability and is animated by a fervid and intelligent theism and by a zeal for righteousness and social progress.

"Sincerity and Subscription: a Plea for Toleration in the Church of England." By H. Hensley Henson. London: Macmillan. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1903. 1s. net.

Canon Henson is still busy. He has demolished episcopacy and the Athanasian Creed, and now he is attacking the doctrine of the Virgin birth, with a tilt at clerical celibacy by the way; we have not had the Fall and Original Sin yet, but no doubt they will come soon. The present volume contains two sermons, the first of which darkly hints at articles in the Creed which "honest" students may be unable to accept, while the second bids us take heart and believe that criticism will not after all deprive us of anything really essential to the faith. A rather thin note to the first Sermon sums up the New Testament witness to the Virgin birth unfavourably. Canon Henson is as usual forcible and eloquent; but he has not contributed much to the discussion of the question and we wish he would not always speak of the writers on his own side as "honest" in a way that suggests his opponents are not.

"The Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief." By G. P. Fisher. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1902. 10s. 6d.

"A Manual of Theology." By T. B. Strong. London: Black. 1903.

We are glad that these books have reached a second edition. Dr. Fisher's has long been known as an extremely useful handbook of apologetics; we do not remember having met one which covers so much ground, and covers it so well, within the limits of a single volume. But the first edition was published more than twenty years ago; events have moved rapidly in the field of biblical criticism since that time, and several chapters have long needed to be revised and brought up to date. Dr. Fisher has spared neither time nor trouble in doing

this, and indeed has rewritten much of the book; and in its new form we can unreservedly recommend it. The Dean of Christ Church set himself a slightly different task when he compiled his manual, which he has now enlarged to double its original size. His aim is rather to explain what Theology is, and to justify its methods and conclusions. In doing this he is of course largely occupied with Christian evidences and his book is as much an "apology" as Dr. Fisher's; but he goes further for he includes Church doctrine in his scheme, though he strangely does not discuss the inspiration of the Scriptures on which that doctrine is founded. His interests indeed are mainly speculative and philosophical and we wish he had said more on the purely critical side of some problems, such as the date and composition of the Old Testament books, or the Virgin birth of our Lord. But still he has given us a thoughtful and useful introduction to the study of Theology.

"Christian Difficulties in the Second and Twentieth Centuries, a Study of Marcion and his Relation to Modern Thought." By F. J. Foakes Jackson. The Hulsean Lectures 1902-3. Cambridge: W. Heffer. London: E. Arnold. 1903. 3s. 6d. net.

There is nothing new under the sun, not even in heresies; people make the same mistakes age after age; Hooker declared that all possible heresies on the subject of the Incarnation could be reduced to four. In Origen's "contra Celsum" we find that there is hardly a single objection to Christianity which had not been made and faced by the third century; and these Hulsean lectures are devoted to showing that the last and least gnostic of the gnostic teachers—Marcion—was a speculator of a very modern type. Mr. Jackson is himself a careful student of contemporary thought, and he has shown considerable ingenuity in pointing out the resemblances between the religious difficulties of the second and those of the twentieth centuries. We think he has indeed carried the parallel too far and we cannot believe that the docetic Christ of the gnostic has anything in common with the human teacher of the modern radical critic; it may be true that both are "docetists" in worshipping a Saviour who is not the Christ of the Gospels, but they differ absolutely in their reconstruction of Him; to Marcion Christ might be divine but He was certainly not human, to the modern critic He is human and nothing more. With this one exception we find ourselves in thorough agreement with Mr. Jackson, whose lectures are interesting as well as scholarly.

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Milling Expenses	4,772 13 0	0 2 5'504
Cyaniding Expenses	4,475 4 1	0 2 3'665
General Expenses	3,240 17 2	0 1 8'034
Head Office Expenses	2,009 9 3	0 1 0'482

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	9,542 0 1	0 4 10'987
	£55,202 14 1	£1 8 5'857

Cr.	Value.	Value per ton milled.
By Gold Account	£55,202 14 1	£1 8 5'857

Dr.		
To Interest	£4,327 17 5	
Net Profit	5,214 2 8	
	£9,542 0 1	

Cr.		
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Dr.	Cost.	Cost per Ton Milled.
To Mining Expenses	£27,442 9 0	£0 14 2'751
Milling Expenses	4,938 10 10	0 9 7'382
Cyaniding Expenses	5,445 11 10	0 2 10'257
General Expenses	1,886 6 5	0 0 11'866
Head Office Expenses	2,370 8 4	0 1 2'912

Working Profit	41,933 6 5	1 1 11'172
	18,202 2 1	0 9 6'508
	£60,035 8 6	£1 11 5'680

Cr.	Value.	Value per Ton Milled.
By Gold Account	£60,035 8 6	£1 11 5'680

Dr.		
To Interest	£1,353 11 0	
Net Profit	16,846 12 1	
	£18,200 2 1	

Cr.		
By Balance, Working Profit, brought down	£18,200 2 1	

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